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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The Warning from Space

THE Soviet satellite, twinkling in our western sky, is the reverse side of that sombre medal which Mr Krushchev revealed at the 20th Congress. Then, the fearful cost of Stalin's investments – in lives and suffering, in liberty and happiness – was counted and found to be too heavy; the vast political, technical and industrial bureaucracy he left behind him ruled that power could be bought too dear. But now the dividends of a generation's sacrifices are rolling in. The new technological civilisation Stalin created is being forced, by the very magnitude of its achievements, to leave the silence of the Iron Curtain and display its products for all eyes to see. Mr Krushchev, no doubt, spoke no more than the truth when he said that Russia 'has other cards up its sleeve'. The satellite is not an isolated breakthrough on a narrow front: it merely crowns the growing pyramid of evidence that over a wide sector of scientific knowledge the Russians are advancing further and faster than the West.

We can, of course, attempt to console ourselves by minimising the significance of this portent. Certainly, the fratricidal struggle between the US Army and Air Force has handicapped the American rocket effort. So, no doubt, have the Administration's cutbacks in defence spending. If we probe deeper, we can find causes which are equally remediable. In the struggle for scientific manpower – the basic raw-material of technological progress – the western defence effort, in Britain and above all in America, has had to compete, often unsuccessfully, against the growing demands of private enterprise for applied scientists. Military science, and even more so pure science, have suffered accordingly. The security hysteria, though it has become less shrill since the collapse of McCarthyism, still takes its toll in the advanced technologies, most of which are linked to defence, and it has left yawning gaps at the heart of America's scientific effort.

Soviet science suffers far less from such structural weaknesses. Its society offers no safe and profitable alternatives to government work. Except in the case of Lysenko, whose researches impinged on the politically explosive sphere of agriculture, the regime has erected no doctrinaire signposts on the path of pure science. In this respect, if in this respect alone, Communism has kept faith with its principles. Moreover, the inner dynamism of Marxism is essentially scientific: a belief in inexorable material advance which the western world has lost since the 19th century. Both in quantity and in quality, the Soviet educational effort in science far surpasses our own. Science occupies a central position in the Soviet universe which in the west is accorded only to God. Nor, as recent conferences have shown, have Soviet scientists succumbed to the fatal departmentalisation which in the west has erected impassible barriers between pure and applied science: there, the Marxist image of science as a *continuum* has encouraged men to probe far beyond the visible reach of industry.

But we should be wrong if we interpreted the lesson of the satellite merely as a warning to re-examine the western scientific apparatus. Certainly this will, and should, be done. For Britain, as this journal has frequently urged, only a fundamental reversal of our educational values can ensure us a future place in the sun. America, too, will doubtless be forced to undertake a humiliating reappraisal of her priorities, switching a greater proportion of her national effort from perfecting the present to investing in the future. But at this stage it is less important to examine our own weaknesses than to alter our obsolete image of Russia's strength. Whether or not our efforts are increased, we must, once and for all, jettison the belief that the manpower resources of the Soviet world can be balanced by the wealth and technology of the West. This built-in superiority complex, which has permeated our dealings with Russia since the war, is now a liability, for the political strategy which flows from it – the conviction that the West does not, in the last resort, need to negotiate except from 'positions of strength' – is no longer tenable. We are entering not only a new world of science fiction, but a new world on earth – a world in which the familiar power relations no longer mean anything, in which time may not be on our side, and a world which we shall hesitate to explore at our peril.

Comments on the Week's News

After Mollet, Mollet?

M. Mollet is emerging as the master-strategist of the French crisis. Having declined M. Coty's invitation to form a government, because at this stage he can exert insufficient leverage over the right, he advised the President to call on M. Pleven, who undertook the task on the assurance that he would get full Socialist support. Pleven is left-centre, a good European, and Americophile; he was also Minister of Defence at the time of Dien Bien Phu, and is much disliked in the army. His personal attributes, in short, cancel themselves out. By outlining a negative policy for a 'government of national union' – that is, by taking office on the understanding that both the Algerian and the economic policy will be worked out *after* the government is formed – he will doubtless recruit enough theoretical support to command a majority. Where the experiment is likely to break down, however, is on the allocation of portfolios – above all the crucial posts of Minister of Finance and Minister-Resident in Algeria – because this will, in itself, determine the nature of the policies to be pursued. If he retains Félix Gaillard, the Right will refuse support; if he keeps Lacoste in Algiers, the Left will revolt. The dilemma, as Mollet well knows, is likely to prove insoluble; but by the time Pleven throws in his hand, the crisis will be already in its third – possibly fourth – week, and will be approaching the climacteric stage during which one section of the Assembly feels itself obliged to remove the obstacles it has placed to a solution. For a variety of reasons, Mollet feels that in this crisis the Right is more likely to crack first, particularly if, by adroit manoeuvring, he can place upon it the onus of Pleven's failure. In this case, he will then agree to form a government himself, and reconstruct the Socialist-Radical coalition which collapsed early this summer.

Mr Macmillan's Party Game

It is easy to see why Mr Macmillan, facing the tricky task of stage-managing an ovation for his government at the Tory conference, should want to play down opposition allegations of a Bank rate leakage. It is very much in his interest to keep his ministers clear of the cloud of a judicial inquiry, at least until the faithful have returned from Brighton. Conversely, and equally legitimately, Mr Gaitskell and Mr Wilson are trying to make as much as they can of an issue which is so obviously embarrassing to the government. In the past, however, this game has been played according to certain rules. All recent prime ministers have been quick to institute judicial inquiry as soon as any serious allegation involving ministerial integrity or discretion was formally levelled by the opposition front bench. A domestic inquiry inside the Cabinet is not a satisfactory way of dealing with a scandal concerning ministers. (It is true that Lord Jowett conducted a preliminary inquiry into the Belcher case before appointing the Lynskey tribunal; but he did so armed with the findings of a lengthy police investigation. In the present case the police have not been invoked.) Moreover, Mr Wilson is in the difficult position of being the trustee of somebody else's information, and he is understandably reluctant to involve outside parties except under the cover of privilege. On Wednesday, however, he laid the nature of his evidence before the Lord Chancellor – without, apparently, divulging the names of his witnesses; and, as we write, Lord Kilmuir is 'considering the information' and presumably deciding whether he should advise the Prime Minister to appoint a judicial inquiry or to try once again to keep the matter inside the government. Lord Kilmuir can certainly give assurances which go some way towards protecting the witnesses. But, even so, a governmental inquiry remains a totally unsatisfactory way of meeting such serious allegations: apart from the difficulty of avoiding an element of political bias, no ministerial tribunal could easily demand the production of papers or take evidence on oath. Mr Macmillan has given the impression that he has been playing all this as a party game: he should remember that the allegations are serious. Millions of pounds were involved in the consequences of this episode, and it is essential to good government that the mystery should be cleared up without more delay.

Labour and the H-Bomb

Last Thursday's debate at the Brighton conference, ending in the crushing defeat of the Norwood resolution calling for the unilateral renunciation of the testing, manufacture and use of the H-bomb, has left the party in some confusion as to where exactly Labour now stands on this issue. Mr Bevan claimed on behalf of the Executive that there was no dispute as to the desirability of getting rid of the bomb: the only argument was about the best means. The rejection of the Norwood resolution is not, therefore, surprising: its intention was basically pacifist, and the party has never regarded pacifism as an effective means towards world disarmament. Nor has this journal. We have, in the past, supported the view that, in the last resort, the security of this country can be best guaranteed by opting out of the nuclear race; but we have added that such a decision should be part of a broad and deliberate revision of our world-wide defence commitments, taken in consultation with our allies and fellow members of the Commonwealth, and that the act of renunciation should itself be used as a bargaining counter in an effort to secure parallel concessions from the other nuclear powers. This appears to be the position adopted by Mr Bevan, and therefore, we assume, by the Executive. But many obscurities remain. Mr Bevan was disingenuous, or misinformed, in stating that suspension of tests automatically involved suspension of production; in fact this depends entirely on the period of suspension, a tactical matter on which conference, quite rightly, was not called on to pronounce. At present, the party is committed only to a limited suspension of tests; but if the intention is to suspend production also, the fact should be clearly stated. Further, nothing was said about rocket-development, now an indispensable part of a nuclear effort, and one which will absorb an increasing proportion of our defence estimates. Does Labour intend to scratch from the rocket-race?

The Po Prostu Riots

It is just on a year since Mr Gomulka, with the support of the whole Polish population, seized power from under the muzzles of the Russian guns. This week's disturbances in Warsaw show how precarious is his hold. His dilemma has always been how to restore at least some of the freedom which Poles demand without courting dangerous explosions of anti-Russian feeling. In pursuit of the delicate balance he must preserve in this matter, he has encouraged (at any rate among Communist party members) almost complete freedom of speech; but he has perpetuated the press censorship which he inherited from his predecessors. Most responsible Poles accept that the very special circumstances of Poland's defencelessness against the ever-present threat of armed Russian intervention justify exceptional measures to prevent the press being used as a sounding-board of anti-Soviet propaganda. The trouble is that the press control commission has in practice exercised a censorship far wider than merely an insurance against Russian counter-measures; and most of its recent operations have been against criticism of the Gomulka regime itself. The Polish intelligentsia is bitterly resentful of the obscurantism of the press control which still shows many traces of a Stalinist past; and the suppression of the student review *Po Prostu*, which more perhaps than any other organ of the press symbolises last year's 'dash to freedom' by the Polish intellectuals, was calculated to trigger off an outburst of anger. Gomulka would be wise to do all he can to keep in with the intellectuals who can do much to make continued hard times seem tolerable to their fellow-countrymen so long as they retain their faith in the good intentions of the regime. The forthcoming party congress offers an excellent opportunity to thrash out the whole matter of press censorship and define its limits in terms which are acceptable to the more progressive elements in the party. To allow the present running fight between editors and censors to continue is to risk more serious indiscretions on both sides. And as this week's events show, the honeymoon period for Gomulka is over: once riots start – for whatever cause – they will be taken over by the smouldering mass of anti-Communist Poles.

Sterling Recovers Parity

Early this week sterling regained parity with the dollar and improved markedly in relation to a number of other currencies. This development seemed to mean that the bare speculation inspired by belief in impending devaluation had come to an end, and that some of the foreign debtors who had been holding back payments in sterling had decided that the time to pay up had arrived. It was never really in doubt that this would happen if only the government could convince the speculators that it had no intention of altering the pound's external value; for, apart from seasonal pressures arising out of payments falling due for imports – which are not far from their end – the British balance of payments is in quite a healthy condition. Given the assurance that there would be no devaluation, sterling would probably have recovered of itself, without a seven per cent Bank rate. Indeed, the high Bank rate does not seem as yet to have performed its traditional function of attracting hot money from other centres to London. Sterling's recovery appears to have been due mainly to a return to normality in commercial incomings and outgoings of money, rather than to the attraction of high earnings. A high Bank rate did play its part in inducing the speculators to believe that the government meant what it said: having done that, it should speedily be reduced

before it has had time to engender serious depression and unemployment. There is, as far as we can see, no sound reason for the projected drastic cuts in the investment programmes of the nationalised services. It is easy enough to improve sterling's external value at the cost of reducing production; but that is not a remedy for the crisis, but a defeatist acceptance of deflation, bound to have most serious long-run adverse consequences.

Nehru in Tokyo

Jawaharlal Nehru has by now visited most countries of the world; but his current visit to Japan is perhaps more of a pleasure trip than any of his other visits abroad. This, not in spite of the wide divergence between the foreign policies of the two countries, but because of it. The differences are too definite and well-grooved for either Mr Kishi or his guest to attempt anything in the nature of a conversion, or even to sit down to an earnest survey of the international scene from a common standpoint. If there are any serious political discussions at all, the emphasis will be on understanding rather than on co-operation. Tokyo in recent years has shown sufficient awareness of what for the want of a better term might be called the new Asianism to make such understanding with New Delhi both desirable and practical. India, on her part, has demonstrated her goodwill by promoting Japan's admission to the United Nations; and a powerful bond of fellow-feeling exists between the two countries on the question of nuclear tests. On the economic side, Japan has lately been evincing an eagerness to assist India in the fulfilment of her second five-year plan. A $30 million loan in Japanese currency is being mentioned in responsible quarters as a possibility; and there is also talk of long-term credit. But all these are incidental points, and not directly responsible either for Mr Kishi's invitation to Mr Nehru or his acceptance of it. The primarily social nature of the visit is strikingly underlined by the unusually small size of the Indian Prime Minister's entourage. Only one senior official of the External Affairs Ministry is accompanying him; and although this is explained away as an economy measure, obviously the economy would have been less severe if the mission was considered less casual. Mr Nehru, in short, is just dropping in for a social call – and even a passing glance at the itinerary shows that his host has taken every care to keep it so.

The Arts Council Non-Report

Art in the Red is the title of the document issued this week as the 1956-57 report of the Arts Council of Great Britain. It is a misleading title because it implies that the arts should *not* normally be in the red, whereas the unprofitability of artistic enterprise is the very reason for the Council's existence. As usual, the document teeters on a razor's edge. Compliments must be distributed to all the bodies which the Council patronises; but the only way of possibly prodding the government into increasing the total grant is by a demonstration that the present figure leaves the job inadequately done. 'If that figure [£995,000] were raised by one-quarter, the current situation of chronic crisis in the arts would be resolved.' As usual there are some shaming comparisons with overseas (with Canada's endowment of $50 million to help the arts, for instance). There is the blunt statement that, failing a higher level of subsidy, the closure of either Covent Garden or Sadler's Wells 'will soon become inevitable'. But the document is also remarkable for what it does not say, particularly in failing to tackle the orchestral crisis. Why must the Council subsidise two of the London orchestras? Why must the BBC run its own London orchestra, when four others are to hand? What subsidies reach the orchestras not directly but through concert-societies which are themselves subsidised? What is the true extent of local authorities' contributions, whether in direct subsidy or in waiving or modifying the cost of hiring a hall? Such questions go unanswered. If the Arts Council does not keep the public abreast of the facts, who else will?

Advising the Consumer

At last a serious attempt is being made to launch 'consumer research' in this country. There are both legal and financial difficulties, some of which have yet to be overcome, but the initiative taken by the British Standards Institution and by the Association for Consumer Research is to be warmly welcomed and their projects should be given wide encouragement and support. People who take their shopping seriously will find the reports issued by each of these organisations invaluable; since they complement each other, and since they have agreed to exchange information, the sensible shopper can subscribe to both. The *Shopping Guide* is part of the service offered for a 10s. annual subscription by the BSI (2 Park Street, W1): apart from the quarterly bulletin the Consumers' Council provides advice on inquiry and arbitration if dissatisfied customers are unable to secure redress from a retailer or manufacturer. The more elaborate quarterly *Which?*, published by the independent Association for Consumer Research (10s., 16 Victoria Park Square, E2), sets an admirably high standard. In the first issue it publishes tests on such varied commodities as electric kettles, sunglasses, cake mixes, aspirins, non-iron fabrics and two motor cars.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Accra

Edusei's Defence

Kingsley Martin writes: I have just had a frank talk with Mr Krobo Edusei, Minister of the Interior. I had heard him make a speech at the CPP rally last Thursday, when he and others declared that if there were assassination attempts or other acts of violence, the government would set up a dictatorship in Ghana. Another minister made a comparable statement; and the Prime Minister, who arrived with a steel-helmeted bodyguard, gave a similar warning, though, unlike his ministers, he devoted most of his speech to assertions that his object was parliamentary government, that Ghana must be a showpiece where all men might walk freely without intimidation.

My primary object in calling upon Mr. Edusei was to ask him whether the parliamentary bill on internal deportation to be introduced in November would not in itself establish the reality of dictatorship – whether or not there was any emergency in the country. He replied by sending for the file and reading the proposed terms of this bill: the powers are complete and absolute. If the bill becomes law, it will not be necessary for the government to declare any state of emergency. On the word of the Home Minister any Ghanian whom the minister thinks it wise to shut up in the interests of law and order may be deported to a place unspecified; if he attempts to escape, he would be liable to five years' imprisonment.

When I suggested that this was the very substance of dictatorship, Mr Edusei first started to quote cases of British deportations, but dropped this line when I said that what British imperialism did was not good enough for anti-imperialists. One of the main reasons for fighting to end colonialism was that the British had used just such arbitrary powers. He then said there was nothing dictatorial about his deportations, since the Act would have to be passed by a majority in the House of Commons, and that the worst dictatorship would be to allow the minority to stir up trouble and mislead the people. He agreed that the vast majority were on the government's side, but said that a few could create trouble. (How many past conversations in different parts of the world this recalled.) I said that this law meant that any individual member of the opposition – or, indeed, any critic inside the CPP – would now go in fear that he would offend the minister or say something the government would dislike; that in effect this would mean one-party government, since the opposition would be terrorised. He denied this on the ground that he would have to have a police disposition against anyone and bring the issue of his deportation before the Cabinet! The question whether the police were fallible or honest did not worry him in the least. The safeguard of the courts he brushed aside. When a government was elected for five years in Ghana, it was expected to govern firmly.

Just back from Kumasi, where the opposition is strongest, I find it extremely hard to discover any case of emergency to justify such legislation. One must remember that Mr Edusei's own sister was shot, apparently for political reasons, in this area. (He himself is an Ashanti.) Before liberation there was much violence on both sides, and though there is complete quiet now, it is true that violent statements are made on the NLM platforms. The Prime Minister was undoubtedly much upset on his return from the London conference to learn of an anti-CPP movement among the Gas in and around Accra, and that riotous scenes, involving some danger to government leaders, did take place. But the simple truth is that CPP leaders do not see, I think, any shades of difference between critics and enemies. He who is not for me is against me. The opposition is, I should say, politically helpless in the present situation, and I believe that the reason why fear seems to play so large a part in the minds of the CPP leaders is that they are alive to a mood of discontent and disappointment in the fruits of independence in their own party. They may also wish to prevent party transactions being brought into the open. Quite simply they hold that, as the party that won the majority for independence, they alone should have both the burden and the sweets of power.

I must add it is by no means certain this legislation, shown to me in draft, will be carried into effect. The government already has ample special powers inherited from the British regime. It is hard to tell whether Krobo's threats convey a

settled policy or if, as the Prime Minister told me in his interview, they are merely intended to frighten the opposition.

Moscow

Bleep, Bleep

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: The surge of mixed emotions that arose at the news that the ICBM had been launched gave way to one of pure jubilation last weekend when Moscow awoke to the sounds of special broadcasts of the 'bleep, bleep' of the first man-made satellite. Now this moon has become the object of awed affection to millions – the Russians don't refer to it as a satellite but as a *sputnik*, a fellow-traveller.

Soviet plans for conquering space have been fairly fully disclosed in the press. In this land, even science fiction is 'purposeful' and its authors' fantasy is rarely permitted to range far beyond the limits of some foreseeable five-year planning period. Moreover, there has just been celebrated the centenary of the birth of Konstantin Tsiolkovsky, who is considered here to be the founder of rocket engineering, and this was an occasion to reveal current plans for space travel. Since 1951, the USSR has been systematically carrying out a series of rocket flights with dogs to a height of well over 100 miles. The dogs (poodles seem to have the best head for heights) were placed in hermetically sealed chambers equipped with apparatus and parachuted down to the earth. By these methods a substantial progress is reported to have been made in investigating the biological effects of space flight; and Soviet scientists are quoted as saying that human flight in rockets projected into the upper atmospheric layers need not have deleterious effects on health.

The rocket that carried the satellite launched on 4 October was the first of over a hundred which Soviet scientists propose to send up during the next 12 months from sites in the Arctic and Antarctic and in Siberia. Not all of these are intended to travel the full height of over 500 miles reached by this one, for some will be equipped with parachutes for bringing back samples of the atmosphere and, it is hoped, meteoric particles. Their soundings of space, however, will be strictly limited in area and time and the main objective in the International Geophysical Year remains the launching of a satellite capable of housing an automatic laboratory of long duration, equipped for registering cosmic rays, the tensions of the earth's magnetic field and the intensity and energy of micrometeorites and meteors. The satellite which is now hurtling through space houses none of this apparatus and its chief value to its launchers is as a test of the complicated process of firing and releasing an artificial satellite with precision.

Of the plans of a more far-reaching nature that have been revealed the most interesting is known as the LVM project (LVM are the initial letters of the Moon, Venus and Mars in Russian). This envisages the use of five three-stage rockets with a starting weight of 50 tons for a preliminary survey of the Moon, that is, for studies by rockets dropped on the visible disc of the Moon. In the next stage mobile robot laboratories equipped with television and radio-telemetric instruments would be landed on the Moon as a preliminary to the establishment of a permanent scientific station manned by human beings. In all these projected experiments an important role would be played by cosmic television. This differs in principle from ordinary television in that the image transmitted quite slowly is received by huge antennæ with great amplification, is recorded on magnetic tapes and then, after being treated by electronic computing machines, is reproduced on photographic paper.

The End of Bevanism

It is idle to blame Mr Bevan for deciding at the Brighton conference to throw in his lot with the Labour leadership. He could hardly have done otherwise. The Labour Party has the scent of electoral victory in its nostrils, and, if Mr Bevan is to share in the victory, he can no longer dissociate himself from winning it. It is not his decision in principle to take his allotted place in the hierarchy that is open to criticism; it is the manner in which he carried it out. Has Bevan, one is bound to ask after Brighton, sold himself too cheap?

It has long been clear that he had no chance of displacing Mr Gaitskell and his able team of 'new thinkers' from the main responsibility of policy-making. But what he was strong enough to do, despite Mr Gaitskell's understandable desire for an all-or-nothing show-down, was to bargain his full collaboration in a united leadership for certain specific concessions in policy. This was what his army of loyal and long-suffering supporters counted on him to do. He has not done it. Unity has been achieved entirely on Mr Gaitskell's terms, and Mr Bevan has surrendered unconditionally – not only abandoning his army but, as everybody present at last week's *Tribune* meeting must have felt, insulting it as he went. No one, of course, doubts that he wants office, not for its own sake, but because he believes that as Foreign Secretary he can make a real contribution to world peace. And one may accept the force of his unanswerable argument during the H-bomb debate at Brighton that no Foreign Secretary should be sent naked into the confer-

ence chamber. But if he himself has stood for anything real in Socialist policy, his argument can be used in another context. The method of his reunion with Mr Gaitskell has robbed him of his only source of power. He enters the Cabinet room naked, a complete prisoner of his former opponents. It is this – and not the basic decision to compromise – which has shocked and confused Labour's left wing.

Yet did Mr Bevan's change of heart create a completely new situation within the party? The collapse of the Left at Brighton was not due to any betrayal: it was simply that the personality of Mr Bevan no longer provided a cover for its weaknesses. Deprived of his leadership, it was revealed as an army without much discipline or political coherence. These are harsh words. But unless those who wish the Labour Party to be the architect of a collective society, rather than the relieving officer of the Welfare State, understand why they have lost, they will lose again and again. And the first step to that understanding is to clarify the differences between Socialism, Bevanism and reformism.

For Bevanism was a political mood as much as a movement. It reflected more a sense of where the Labour Party ought not to go than a sense of where it ought to go. Those who supported Mr Bevan in his negative responses to the official line had their hands on powerful engines of propaganda, but never on the levers of power. The agitation in the constituencies was never closely related to the situation within the trade union movement. The militants in the local parties were organising *Tribune* meetings while the majority of trade unionists were feeling that they never had it so good. Secondly, many Bevanites succumbed to the cult of personality: the point of their exercise was to protect and then elevate a few of their leaders to positions of nominal power, when it should have been to clarify and define exactly what they expected those leaders to do. Because they failed to do this, it is not surprising that one 'Bevanite' after another has been sucked into the orbit of the Right. The frame of the new party policy was being slowly worked out by the new thinkers while the Left was drafting resolutions. It is admittedly easier to shape up a reformist policy than a Socialist policy. But there has been no policy-making effort on the left equal in effectiveness to that of Mr Gaitskell's supporters and assistants. One of Mr Bevan's weaknesses has been his inability to command or retain the services of a comparably qualified group of advisers.

The result is clear. The failure of Socialists to formulate what they wanted, and to argue convincingly why they wanted it, has isolated them. Mr Gaitskell is able to insist that more Socialism will antagonise the 'ordinary, decent voter' because the Left has not clearly shown why more public ownership, for instance, is relevant to the problems that concern the non-committed voter. And, in the crucial weeks before Brighton, the Left itself was divided about the meaning of Socialism in this context – whether it wanted 'old-fashioned' techniques, or new techniques, or a mixture of both. This division persisted right up to and through the debate last Wednesday: the railwaymen voted for the reference back of *Industry and Society*, but they did not vote for the Hornsey resolution which sought to give a 'left' interpretation to the document.

There has been a confusion about definitions and objectives. There has also been a failure of liaison and understanding between the constituency parties and the Socialists in the unions. One reason for this, of course, was the near-monopoly of 'left' views exercised for some time by the Communists within the unions: another was the long domination of some unions and the TUC by the old guard union leaders. It has been clear for about two years that the influence of both the Communists and the non-radical members of the General Council was declining, and that new men had begun to emerge who reflected the changing temper of the rank-and-file. But no clear assessment of this change was made. Somehow, it was assumed, Jim Campbell and Frank Cousins and some of the leaders of the craft unions would swing their weight behind the Left as Arthur Deakin and Jack Tanner once swung their votes behind the Labour leadership. This belief persisted up to the moment of Mr Gaitskell's visit to the TUC at Blackpool. No one seems to have realised that the ascendancy that Mr Cousins has established in the industrial field still does not extend to politics: he is the symbol of a tendency, not of a victory already won.

Yet this tendency is the key to the situation. The shift of attitude and of power that is taking place within the trade union movement can be decisive in determining the future policy of the Labour Party – not least because the main battleground of British politics in the period before the general election may be in industry rather than in the constituencies. If the growing militancy of the unions is to be anything more than a purely defensive action, it must be given a political as well as an industrial focus. This means that the issues raised at Brighton are far from settled. There remains a great opportunity for Socialists to put their case again – if they can demonstrate, and demonstrate in the right places, that they have a Socialist policy which is more relevant to our economic problems and more effective in solving them.

This job can be done. In the coming year, Labour has to work out its policy on planning and controls. What contribution is the Left preparing to make to that debate? It is, after all, something that vitally concerns the trade unions. What is to be the form and extent of steel nationalisation – a measure that could leave things much as they are, or establish a powerful grip upon the centres of economic power in this country? Is Labour's education policy going to strike directly at one of the main sources of the class system or will it merely be concerned about ways of providing more and better technologists? And does anyone believe that Mr Bevan spoke the last word on disarmament last Thursday? Foreign affairs and defence measures are moving at a pace which may overtake that speech as quickly as they have already outdated previous conference decisions on foreign policy. Would Mr Bevan's argument have seemed so effective if the conference had known of the Russian satellite and understood its implications? Does the plea for retaining the H-bomb as a condition of mediation between East and West make sense now that Mr Krushchev is trying to open direct talks between Moscow and Washington?

For many, and conflicting, reasons the Brighton conference was important. Not the least of these is the conclusion that the size of the next Labour majority, and the policies which it will support, depend upon the success of the Left in proving to the unions and to the public that Socialism is more than a state of mind.

The Criminal Psychopath

THE criminal law, God knows, is fallible – as fallible as the men who practise and enforce it. Yet in theory it embodies justice and order; and the respect in which it is held is based on a general belief that it deters wrong-doing, protects the community and expresses the collective revulsion of society against acts of moral obliquity. But suppose the public became convinced that it failed in any or all of these objectives: would not the consequent loss of trust in the all-embracing inevitability of the whole system gravely undermine the unquestioning respect for the law which alone makes it effective? Is not this, in fact, what has already happened in the relatively trivial field of our drink and gambling laws? There is, alas, another failure – or gap – in the criminal law which exposes the community to far graver dangers than the occasional corruption of a police officer, and which, once apprehended, must surely shock the public conscience.

Despite the inroads which have been made into an ancient principle by a good deal of recent (and relatively minor) statute law, one of the rational foundations on which the common law of England is based is that guilt cannot exist without proof of intent; that genuine accident, in other words, or madness must not as such be punished. The legal problem with madness lies in classifying the various forms of mental illness and inadequacy – many of them only recently understood by the psychologists – into recognisable definitions which can be applied to particular acts of wrongdoing. It is easy to say – and is too often said – that we have got on very well for centuries without the help of the psychiatrist; and that 12 good men and true, guided by a century-old judicial ruling, are quite capable of knowing madness when they see it. It is not true; and least of all in the field of violent crime. Leave on one side the moral degradation of exacting retributive punishment from the man who is too sick to help himself. The real danger of ignoring the psychiatrist is that we are rejecting the most up-to-date weapon with which we might protect society from some of the most shocking crimes, especially of sexual violence, which are now inflicted on it.

In recent years the psychologist has made remarkable progress, not only in the study and understanding of crime and its relation to mental disorder, but in getting the judges and the legislators to go along with him. It has been uphill work. 'If you form a club of any kind,' said a chairman of Quarter Sessions the other day, 'whether for bridge or golf or stamp-collecting, and one of its members habitually breaks the club rules, are we to call him a psychopath?'

NEXT WEEK

Historical Books

JOHN RAYMOND *on the Namier Industry*

and reviews by

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER, ASA BRIGGS, A. J. P. TAYLOR, R. H. S. CROSSMAN, ROSE MACAULAY, MICHAEL HOWARD, RAYMOND POSTGATE, JOHN ELLIOTT

Derisively meant, this was, nevertheless, not all that far from the truth: the odd man out in any community may well be what the psychiatrist calls an inadequate or an aggressive psychopath. In simple language, he may be a person whose state of mind, judged from his behaviour, is somewhere between that of the psychotic and the neurotic; between disease of the mind and extreme mental stress. Such a man's peculiarity (which is, incidentally, independent of his standard of intelligence) is that he has never grown out of the congenital belief, common to us all at a certain stage, that the world owes us what we care to take. The idea that to recognise his condition in good time is to increase the chance of adjusting him to the community in which he lives – and so giving society the protection which present methods of punishment so signally deny it – has lately received massive support from two sources.

First, from the legislature. Section 2 of the Homicide Act, 1957, recognises that a murderer may have a 'substantially impaired responsibility' that is due to some abnormality of mind beyond the scope of the present lunacy and mental deficiency laws. For the first time the criminal law allows that such a condition may arise from 'arrested or retarded development of mind' as well as from 'disease or injury or any inherent causes'. So far as the murderer is concerned, therefore, the M'Naghten rules, upon which the legal definition of criminal insanity has been based for over a hundred years, are as out-moded as trial by ordeal; while, for the lesser offender, their dubious aid is no more likely to be called upon in court than it ever has been in the past.

Secondly, the Royal Commission on the Law Relating to Mental Illness and Mental Deficiency, reporting in May this year, recommended that for legal purposes there should be a class of patients called 'psychopathic patients'. These people, who for some years now have been vaguely described as 'the non-sane-non-insane' group, had been the subject of a mass of would-be definitive evidence from mental health experts of many kinds. Most of this evidence agreed that psychopathy has its origins in the social environment in which the patient grew up, and that perhaps the best hope of treatment lies in recognising the condition early, though there are cases in which the psychopathic behaviour seems to be the result of an illness or injury known to have occurred after the age of 18. 'The difficulty of describing them,' said the Report in a passage evocative of the contrast between describing and knowing an elephant, 'is a difficulty of language rather than of diagnosis.' They are patients 'suffering from emotional immaturity or instability: their emotions are warped or blunted, over-inhibited or uncontrolled'. They may have either 'inadequate' or 'aggressive' personalities:

> An inadequate personality may result in a person's having quite abnormal difficulty in applying himself to any job, in controlling his spending, in planning his domestic life and in getting on with other people generally: these difficulties are usually increased when the person is also below average in intelligence. . . . Such people may also be in danger of economic or social exploitation by those with whom they live. Women may be in danger of sexual exploitation not of their own seeking. . . . [or] sexually promiscuous without realising the consequences to society or to themselves or to the children. Other forms of behaviour which may result from inadequate personalities include persistent drifting from job to job, general inability to take an interest in any form of occupation, pathological lying and swindling, drug addiction and alcoholism.

No one could offer a clear distinction (some psychiatrists and sociologists said there was none) between the 'inadequate' and the 'aggressive' psychopaths, once they have become established in personality. The tendencies of either

> may be manifested in sexual perversion or any form of assault or violence which the person is apparently incapable of controlling and which often appears to have little motivation. . . . Those whose main characteristic is a general inadequacy may be vindictive and bad-tempered and occasionally extremely violent without apparent cause.

But whatever their similarities and however they are to be defined, there is not at present much chance of their getting medical treatment until they fall foul of the criminal law.

It is in this respect that we wish to call attention to an important book* by Giles Playfair and Derrick Sington to be published next week. The authors who are themselves fervently opposed to all capital punishment, argue that, despite the advances made in the Homicide Act, abolitionists in Britain have weakened their case by refusing to face squarely the difficult issue of how to deal with the potential murderer *before*, as well as *after*, he kills. They believe, indeed, and it is the central theme of their remarkable book, that 'whenever possible the time to treat the psychopathic or abnormal offender curatively, alike in his own interest and in the interest of society, is *before* and not *after* he murders'.

This is not to be dismissed as a mere glimpse of the obvious, for the authors retell a number of well-known case histories in a way that shows, not only how some murders could thus have been prevented, but how others almost certainly have been prevented. The now classical characteristics of the aggressive psychopath were displayed to the full, for example, by Neville Heath, who – although his general behaviour pattern had been clear since boyhood – was nevertheless allowed to go unchecked until he began to kill and kill. Four years later, in Baltimore, Maryland, a youth who in this book is called Rudi Brettinger was, in 1947, sentenced for 'purse-snatching' to three years at the state reformatory, after medical evidence remarkably similar to Dr. Hubert's in the case of Neville Heath: the boy was a psychopath. 'I think it can reasonably be predicted,' said one of the doctors at his trial, 'that this boy is going to go on and murder somebody'. In 1950, having 'paid his debt to society', he was in trouble again – for armed robbery which could just as easily have been murder. But this time there was a difference: his friends could afford the best defence, and his legal advisers, in consultation with the doctors, decided to take the remarkable course of pleading insanity. After a lengthy trial, this plea succeeded, and Rudi was sent, not to jail, but to the state mental hospital for cure. At this stage it is possible to say with all caution that great progress has been made towards integrating him with the world around him: though still a patient, he has now been working for many months on an outside job. The chances are that Rudi will be entirely cured and that the people of Maryland have been protected against a Neville Heath in the making.

It is worth underlining the lessons to be learnt from this strange and illuminating story – for they go to the root of the problem. First, thanks to the accident that Rudi's friends could afford to pay to marshal the evidence for such an elaborate defence, a jury – no more or less prejudiced, it may be supposed, in Baltimore than in Birmingham or Bristol – was successfully persuaded of the reality of the psychopathic condition. Secondly, the court proceedings, usefully recorded by Playfair and Sington in considerable detail, and especially Rudi's own interventions which at the time seemed so embarrassing to his defence, provide an extraordinarily vivid profile of the psychopath which must help enormously towards the understanding of his condition. Thirdly, Rudi's case history as a mental patient since 1950 will be of immense value to psychologists everywhere as a guide to the treatment of the violent psychopath. Fourthly, it seems likely that a potential murderer will have been turned into a good citizen. And, finally, it is worth remembering that these four lessons would be of equal validity if Rudi had actually killed instead of merely robbing.

Playfair and Sington also tell the story of 'Joseph Redenbaugh' who has been in the state penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota, for more than 40 years, despite countless applications for parole. He, too, was a psychopath, showing neither remorse nor shame for the two murders he committed and confessing his revolting crimes almost proudly and with a wealth of detail. Yet in his prison lifetime, with scant official encouragement, he has worked out his own technique of reform. He began with the assumption that if ever he was to earn his parole, he must analyse his own criminality and its causes. Beginning at 19 (he had left school at ten), he read William James's *Principles of Psychology*, Freud's *Analysis of the Ego*, Kingley's *Psychoanalysis* and Morgan's *Abnormal Psychology*. In ten years, say Playfair and Sington, he had 'transformed himself from a psychopathic, morally imbecile youth into a man more highly educated and more deeply honest, too, than most men outside prison. . . . He was a man who hated idleness, who was always busy, who occupied every permitted second of his leisure hours in study. Above all, he was a man of astonishing valiance'. His story has already been told in outline in this journal in an attempt to draw public attention to the scandal of the continued, and apparently indefinite, confinement of a sane and good man whose almost superhuman effort of rehabilitation has been based on the hope of ultimate freedom. Playfair and Sington now repeat the plea for his release; but the main point of his appalling story in the present context is that here again a psychopath – a 'monster' who had killed with inhuman brutality – who escaped the death cell by the accident of being tried in an abolitionist state, has reclaimed his life so that he is fit to take his place as a normal and well-adjusted member of society.

It is fair to say that the early diagnosis and treatment of psychopathy are not merely a far-off development in distant progressive countries. The Borstal system and the 'young prisoner' centres have had their notable failures, as in the case of Heath, but numerous early discoveries are made

* The Offenders. *Secker & Warburg.*

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★
the new, funniest THIS ENGLAND
★
only 2s 6d

and are transferred to institutions like Rampton Park for treatment. Rampton houses and treats many aggressive psychopaths of low intelligence, and it is for this kind of offender that Playfair and Sington, with every justification, show the most concern. A recent conservative estimate puts the number of psychopaths in our prisons at 5 per cent; while a recent very careful assessment by Dr Peter Scott, of Maudsley Hospital, of cases sent to him by the courts under Section Four of the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, puts the proportion of offenders in need of mental treatment at about 15 per cent. Among hardened offenders in the long-sentence jails the proportion of psychopaths may be as high as 60 per cent. It is in the light of such disclosures that one sees the need for the diagnostic services and treatment centres recommended by the Royal Commission on Mental Health.

Nonetheless, what the Commission recommends in detail may well prove to be of less importance than its general contemplation of psychopathy as primarily a medical matter, to be treated by doctors and nurses rather than by men with large bunches of keys. Now that we are going to imprison so many more murderers than we hang, that approach acquires great importance. Custodial medical treatment, however, and the diagnosis that will lead to it, cannot be ensured by legislation. The most that parliament could do would be to categorise the various kinds of 'personality disorder', psychopathic and otherwise – and create the inevitable border-line difficulties. Provision for the psychopath must never be made too specific, by way of well-meaning attempts to define what is quite indefinable. Treatment methods must remain flexible and comprehend the 'whole personality', not only – or even mainly – the level of intelligence. On the other hand, in so far as an increase in compulsory powers is contemplated – and any attempt to detect and cure the criminal psychopath does inevitably imply at the very least more indeterminate sentences – the distinctions between border-line cases become more important than ever: parliament must be ever watchful to ensure that the law is not armed with the power to put people away indefinitely merely because they are tiresome or will not conform.

Playfair and Sington's book, for all that it bears traces of confused thinking at some points, may justly be considered a landmark in the development of criminological thought. Their recapitulation of the cases of Heath, Brettinger and Redenbaugh is by far the most convincing and credible attempt yet made to explain the psychopathic mind to the ordinary layman who has to bear, without expert scientific knowledge, the responsibility of being both a voter and a juryman. They establish beyond doubt that (a) the psychopath is, in common parlance, recognisably mad – though the nature of his mental disorder is not easily defined; (b) in certain conditions he is as incapable of refraining from violent crime as is the schizophrene who believes himself to be the avenging angel of the Lord; (c) he can be cured.

The next time some pathetically inadequate 'human monster' is dragged to court through a chorus of ignorant hysteria to face the charge of raping a child or cutting an old woman's throat, those who have read this book will reflect, not only that justice and hysteria go ill together, but that the traditional methods of retributive punishment – for which the mob is always clamouring – have been singularly ineffectual in protecting society from violence. Might it not be more sensible, as well as more humane, to try remedial measures instead?

London Diary

THE Russian satellite is a splendid technical achievement. It is also the most dramatic expression of the most important fact in world politics – that Russian technology is, in a good many respects, ahead of American. There is no excuse for being surprised that the Russians are so good: anyone who took the trouble to think has expected it for years (cf. 'New Minds for the New World,' NEW STATESMAN, 8 September, 1956). But most people in the west haven't taken the trouble to think. They have basked in a kind of technical conceit, encouraged by the accident of having got in first with the Industrial Revolution. Well, as the satellite goes whizzing over their heads, now they know. At least, they know something, but not all. What they don't know – although again there is no excuse for not knowing – is that the Russian lead is likely to increase, not diminish. In productive technology (i.e., in making large quantities of cars, typewriters, fountain pens) they are still 20 to 30 years behind the US: in inventive technology, they have gone in front. It may very well be that, in the long view of history, this will seem the decisive single result of the Revolution. For it has happened because, whatever other principles of the Revolution the Soviet bosses have reneged on, they have never gone back on one – that the world can only be mastered by science. Hence a system of education which produces more scientists, and scientists deeply and liberally trained, than the rest of the world put together. Hence a whole educated class to whom science is not something to shy away from. The other day, I. I. Rabi, one of the most distinguished US physicists, a Nobel prizewinner and a sort of American Cherwell, was complaining of the gulf in the west between the scientific and non-scientific cultures: 'In the US,' he said, 'a scientist has a feeling of intellectual loneliness.' That remark would be unthinkable in the USSR.

* * *

Just how unthinkable, one can get some insight by reading Dudintsev's novel. A good deal of the plot of *Not By Bread Alone*, and almost all the background, must be pretty incomprehensible to anyone who hasn't at least a nodding acquaintance with engineering practice. There are perhaps two novelists in England who could write with Dudintsev's command of applied science. Even if they wanted to, they couldn't use such material in a novel without meeting complete incomprehension from the literary public. Whereas Dudintsev's book has been a great popular success in Russia, and the critical discussions go on as if every literate person knew what the inside of a development laboratory was like. Incidentally, most of the English reviews I have seen of the novel have been quite remarkably ill-informed. Presumably for the reason which I have just mentioned, the background of the work has mystified almost everyone; but one would have thought that its literary provenance was obvious enough. As V. S. Pritchett demonstrated in this journal last week, the book is steeped in the tradition of the classical Russian novelists. But mostly this has gone unnoticed: does no one read them any more? Still, in the long and gloomy history of novel reviewing, other books have been more crassly misunderstood than this one. When one of D. H. Lawrence's early novels came out – I think it was *The White Peacock* – the *Daily News* reviewer sagely and firmly advised him 'to cultivate a *more intense* vision'. Lawrence, like Dr Leavis, was not especially receptive of jokes at his own expense; but when he read that, he lay on the floor and kicked his feet in the air.

* * *

A day or two before the Russians launched their satellite, the Prime Minister was speaking at the Constitutional Club. 'In the fight against inflation,' he said, 'I hope I can rely on the support of the crossbowmen of England.' Surely, as he uttered those stirring words, Mr Macmillan – who is for all his faults more humorous than D. H. Lawrence – must have been cursing the damned fools who christened the new Conservative quarterly, *Crossbow*. It is almost too good to be true: or rather, it is too true to be good, at least for the PM. It is exactly like the thinkers of the Bow Group, when searching for a name, to look back into history: it is even more like them to get their history wrong. The crossbow has been an obsolete weapon for 500 years: even in its prime, it was never a good one. It was too cumbrous, it needed too many supernumeraries, and its rate of fire was much too slow (six to ten times slower than that of the longbow). Have young Conservatives never wondered why the English had technical superiority at Crecy? Have they never wondered why the English took to the longbow as the staple infantry weapon? Have they never wondered about anything?

* * *

Meanwhile, a good many people are wondering – is it true that the Russians want us to go on making H-bombs? If so, why? It can hardly be for the sake of our bright eyes – for, in a way rather hard for us to take, post-revolutionary Russians have always felt closer in sympathy to the US than to us. It is no use arguing, as one has sometimes tried to do. True, England is to the left of the US. True, the English understand Russian literature, and *vice versa*, better than either understand American literature. True, English and Russians laugh at the same things. But the Russians remain obstinate. They admit all that – but still, they cannot get away from it, the Americans seem to them their sort of people, and we don't. Perhaps it is the sense of space, the passionate hunger for the future, that both their countries have, compared with our claustrophilia and addiction to the past – which, to a foreigner, seems as strong on the left as among Mr Macmillan's crossbowmen. So, if Mr Krushchev wants us to have H-bombs, what is the reason? I am not saying that he's wrong. Three is a less dangerous number than two for all political purposes. Nevertheless, it is a very odd *volte face*; as a minor but delectable consequence, we are presumably going to see a lot of estimable gentlemen in this country stand on their ethical heads. I suspect, without any evidence at all, that the Soviet political bosses have done some drastic re-thinking about political and military strategy this summer, and that that re-thinking has given them nothing but pleasure. Probably they hadn't previously believed everything that their scientists promised. Politicians everywhere have found that scientists promise a bit too much, a bit too early. But now the politicians are convinced, and accordingly are more confident than they have ever been before. Why that should make them benevolent to our H-bombs is still, of course, not clear, but I shall be a good deal surprised if there is no connection.

* * *

Time magazine is no friend of mine, but credit where credit is due. I mentioned last week that Mike Wallace's interview with Governor Faubus was harsher than anything we could imagine in this country. I have just seen the issues of *Time* for 30 September and 7 October, and they make

Wallace's attitude seem as bland as Richard Dimbleby's. I don't believe any editor in this country would allow his reports to be as totally committed as these are – partly because we have lost the habit of being violent about real issues (all contemporary English polemic has a touch of the intellectually phoney), partly, of course, because of the laws of libel. *Time* comes straight out, and accuses Faubus of having organised the mob violence; it accuses his agent by name. It goes on: 'Orval Faubus had thus staked his political future on his claim that there would be violence in Little Rock. Almost single-handed, he had created the reality of violence from its myth'. When will any of us write like that about South Africa?

* * *

Yet we have our points. Whenever I read THIS ENGLAND, I can't help rejoicing at the supreme and uninhibited loopiness of the English. I have just seen the new selection, for the years 1953-7. They are as good, as happily loopy, as ever they were. I suggest, as a parlour game, picking out the three items which make you gurgle most. Here are mine:

'But, writing as a clergyman, I have sometimes wondered whether, had the list of "Honours due" been prepared by God, the names would have been the same. They might, of course, but then again they might not.'—Letter in *Scotsman.*

'Mr Clement Davies was also in first-class form. His forthright declaration that "you are either a Liberal or you are not a Liberal" brought down the house. Everybody knew what he meant!'—A. J. Cummings in *News Chronicle.*

'Where else except in Kenya could an African whose grandparents were perhaps cannibals watch really good polo?'—Letter in *Hampshire Chronicle.*

NICHOLAS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Hundreds of people 'phoned the Air Ministry in London to ask: 'What is the RAF going to do about the Red Moon?'

They demanded to know why it had not been shot down.

A voice from the Royal Observatory in Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, said: 'There's going to be nobody here to watch it.

'We only work a five-day week and everybody went home at half-past five on Friday.'—*Sunday Pictorial.* (Peter Lipscombe.)

Commented Miss Mansfield: 'I like European men. They put women on a pedestal, yet still exercise their masculinity. This makes a woman feel real good.'

Englishmen? She likes them, too. She said of a young English doctor who X-rayed her chest when she was in London recently: 'He kept saying "Jolly good." Oh, the British are wonderful. So precise.'—*News Chronicle.* (G. H. Pumphrey.)

I am engaged to a wonderful man, but lately he has become very moody and is always hitting me. He says it is nothing to what I shall get after marriage, and I must get used to being 'kept under control.' Please advise me: I want to marry him, but don't know how to handle the situation.—Letter in *Woman's Own.* (Seán Hagerty.)

In the question of divorce, especially where children are concerned, is it wise to consult the stars and act accordingly?—Letter in *She.* (Nelson.)

The Red Moon

'A WONDERFUL scientific achievement.' The congratulations of the Astronomer Royal are typical: scientists in the West have reacted generously to the remarkable Russian enterprise in shooting the first man-made moon into its orbit. By coincidence there were two major 'space conferences' in progress – the IGY meeting in Washington and the International Conference on Astronautics in Barcelona – at which the Russian experts could savour their success. The recriminations came later. The suggestion that the Russians had double-crossed the IGY by operating the signals on other than the agreed (American) wavelength and sending the satellite up by stealth was immediately denied by the IGY Secretary-General, Professor Marcel Nicolet, who announced that the Russians had duly communicated their proposed wavelengths and had observed, within two hours, the international agreement to notify IGY of a successful launching.

The chagrin and dismay of the Americans is understandable. The delay in the US project is due to difficulties with the rocket which is to carry the satellite, 20 inches in diameter and weighing just over 20 pounds. (This delay has been blamed on the rivalry between the US service departments.) But what is surprising is the difference between the American plans and the Soviet achievement. Mr A. A. Blagonravov, the Moscow rocket expert, has reaffirmed that the Russian 'moon' weighs 184 pounds – nine times heavier than the American sphere – and it has been carried further into space than the intended American orbit. This means that the Russian rocket may have weighed as much as 150 tons, compared to the 11 tons of the US rocket 'Vanguard'. Now no one can have any doubts about the reality and the range of a Russian ICBM and that, of course, has military implications which are more immediate than the still-speculative military use of space-satellites.

This is a technological achievement which must shatter forever any illusions about western engineering superiority. But the launching into the orbit has proved something else – the *scientific* qualities of the Russians. Because of the emphasis which, for the past 40 years, the Russians have put on practical results, it has commonly been assumed that the Russians were promoting applied science to the neglect of pure science. This, of course, ignores the fact that there was a great tradition of academic science in pre-revolutionary Russia, and that Soviet policy has been to glorify science and to treat academicians as an aristocracy.

The measure of the scientific, as distinct from the technological, achievement is the feat of getting the satellite into a longitudinal orbit. Although it does not traverse the Poles, and the exact axis of the earth, it apparently circled from 65 north to 65 south. The proposed American Satellites were to circle from west to east, between 40° north and south of the equator. The US zone would, therefore, have covered a waistline 'cummerbund' of the globe roughly the depth of Africa. The Russian orbit means that most of the populated world is traversed by its track – so that the capitals of the world have been 'bleeped'. By radio and television, the ordinary listeners and viewers have been regularly reminded that the 'Red Moon' was overhead.

By choosing this orbit the Russians lost the advantage of the earth's velocity, about a thousand miles an hour at the Equator, for which they would have to compensate by greater initial impetus. The north-south orbit also means that with every transit of the equator the extra gravitational pull of the bulge speeds up the satellite slightly. This temporary increase in speed has the effect of putting a westward twist on the orbit. The accurate determination of this difference in longitude ought to make it possible to measure the earth more exactly.

According to Professor Dobronavov, a Soviet expert, the launching rocket was in three stages. The first stage dropped away at about 4,000 m.p.h.; the second stage, powered perhaps by a different fuel, and carrying the guiding controls, dropped off when a speed of 12,000 miles an hour was reached; the third stage, charged with yet another type of propellent, boosted the speed to 18,000 miles an hour. After the last stage had been slanted into the final orbit by the instruments in the second stage the satellite itself was released.

Although the satellite was only broadcasting information about its own movements and about temperature, its size – as big as a heavy man – indicates what is immediately possible. Filled with instruments, it could send back important information about the ionosphere, that 'mirror in the sky' which makes radio communications possible; about cosmic and other radiations; about the weather, which lies between it and the world; and information about space itself. This will be of first-rate importance in planning rocket flights to the moon. Such moon voyages, first with instruments or animals and later with humans, are now definitely possible and the Russians are optimistically canvassing their chances of making the first of them. The speed which put the satellite into its orbit where it is still constrained by the forces of gravity was 18,000 miles an hour. With another 7,000 miles an hour it would have the velocity to escape from gravitation entirely and 'coast' to the moon. Its size also suggests possibilities of turning such a satellite into an all-seeing observer of events on earth. In time, it should be possible to mount a television transmitter on such a satellite and, with telescopic and infra-red lenses, to receive back pictures of the earth which it is scanning in transit. This translates President Eisenhower's 'open skies' plan into a new dimension.

The prestige of this accomplishment is enormous – a physical achievement very different in kind but second in importance to the release of atomic energy. The Americans are crestfallen because it shakes their confidence in their technological supremacy: despite the vast amount of money they have already spent on rocket development they were beaten to the post. This setback, however, will undoubtedly provoke them to greater efforts and greater expenditures. British scientists are very much on the sidelines, because this country has not been able to afford such an ambitious project and because our rocket work has been confined mainly to military needs and guided missiles. During the IGY our 'rockoons' – short-lived rockets – are going to probe into space but without attempting a satellite orbit.

The Russian achievement will have a salutary effect on the thinking of all scientists. The Space Age is definitely here. It is no longer possible for eminent Fellows of the Royal Society to say that they 'leave space travel to science fiction' or for an Astronomer Royal to talk about inter-planetary travel as 'utter bilge'. And quite apart from costly projects for adventures into space, this 'breakthrough' will promote research with all kinds of intermediate practical possibilities, and release the thinking of a new generation of scientists from the physical limitations of this planet.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Self-Master

One Sunday morning, a quarter of a century ago, Klemperer conducted a concert in Vienna. He was about to begin the *Ninth Symphony* of Bruckner. He stood, arms outstretched, before the orchestra, baton poised. He waited until the crowded hall was still. He waited a few minutes more in a silence that could be felt. A grey-haired man in the front row of the circle leaned forward as if drawn and, before a note was sounded, before Klemperer had moved his baton, this middle-aged Viennese buried his head in his hands and, convulsively, burst into tears.

He was approaching Klemperer in the right spirit. Klemperer does not make music to soothe any breast, savage or other. He has never been amongst the fashionable *virtuosi*. He has remained aloof, lonely, and a little forbidding. He is not a Grand Seigneur as Bruno Walter is. He has not the fascination of Furtwängler, who bared himself in confession à propos of Beethoven. He is not the urbane communicative pleasure-sharing connoisseur that Beecham is; and, though Toscanini more than shared Klemperer's integrity, he never achieved, if ever he sought, the austerity of Klemperer. Klemperer is content with truth naked; Toscanini enhanced truth to the Higher Fidelity. Klemperer, with Bruno Walter, was a young disciple of Mahler; but he and Walter are poles apart, Klemperer the tough-minded, Walter the tender-minded. If Klemperer is today a Mahlerian at all, it is Mahler without the *Schmalz*. Mahler is not all wrung-from-the-heart drips of string *portamenti* and *appoggiatura*; not all *'sehr zart und innig'*, not all sentiment and sensibility. There is a hard core in his music, as there was in the man himself, especially in the purely instrumental symphonies of his middle period, where melody is often bony and percussive and astringent, without harmonic softening. Mahler's Jewish intellect was sharp. Study the forehead of the man in the photographs; you don't have a forehead like that for nothing. And Klemperer's forehead is like Mahler's. Klemperer, also born a Jew, once said that Bruno Walter's conducting of Mahler was 'too Jewish', and Bruno Walter is a Jew, too. Walter represents or incarnates one side of Mahler's nature, Klemperer the other. If we could put them together we should have the complete Mahler.

Every classic, said Stendhal, has been a romantic in his day; but Klemperer's romanticism was never more than skin-deep. He has always looked in music for the essential form and tried to penetrate to the creative coil. The outward show of tone, the allurements of orchestral colours and texture, have interested him only as secondary phenomena. He has concentrated on the rhythm that is the beginning, the governing factor in architectural balance. The orchestra for Klemperer is the medium, not for a moment to be exhibited as a thing-in-itself. He sometimes seems to change the colours of the orchestra to a neutral grey. He is never the obvious Maestro; in fact, he has the classical secret of anonymity. His power over the orchestra, omnipresent, works invisibly. Once he has established the tempo as if once and for all in the first bar, the music seems to move by its own volition, the instrumentalists marching rank on rank like the army of unalterable law. He has been known to set Mozart in motion and, having sent each note on its starry way, it has appeared as if he might have left the rostrum and sat down to contemplate his own *fiat lux*. The patterns of tone have gravitated to their places in the musical sky as the stars in their courses.

Klemperer does not woo the senses. Not infrequently he tears off the sensuous dress of music, revealing not the flesh but the bone and brain cells. He might at times be conducting for the deaf who (like Beethoven) can listen with the inner ear. He does not break watches and batons in despair at rehearsal. He fixes men with his eyes. The mouth twitches and droops at one side. 'What are you playing?' he asked an instrumentalist who was dallying with a solo part. The instrumentalist replied that he was following the marking in his part. 'What does it say?' asked Klemperer. 'Ad lib', replied the instrumentalist; and Klemperer growled: 'Whose lib?'

The stern side of him should not be overemphasised. He is a Faustian and has been through the little and the great worlds, has heard the chimes at midnight and after, and more than once has been tempted to cry out to the passing moment 'Delay!'—*'Verweile doch! Du bist so schön!'* But in music he finds as much of the ethical as the aesthetic. He has seldom if ever used music as a means of emotional or erotic release. He is, like Mahler, a religious man, music his gospel and way of life. 'The works of this artist or of that,' wrote Mahler to his wife, 'are properly speaking the ephemeral and mortal parts of him, but what a man makes of himself, what he becomes through the untiring effort to live and to be, is permanent. *Die Meistersinger*, the *Ninth Symphony*, *Faust*, all of them are only the discarded husks, the shells. I don't mean, of course, that artistic creation is superfluous. It is a necessity of man for growth.'

Klemperer could well say 'Amen' to this. According to ordinary chances and levels of good and bad fortune he should not really be making music at all today; he should indeed be either dead or mentally and physically crippled. As he approached old age and after being exiled from

Germany by Hitler, he was afflicted by a tumour on the brain. Then, after regaining strength and clearness of the mind, he suffered severe hurt to the body, a smashed femur. By stupendous, almost frightening will-power, he thrust infirmity after infirmity from him. Huddled in a chair, one side of him partially paralysed, he dominated orchestras. His fingers could not hold a baton; but they could point, and with eyes, go to the seat of error in the ranks before him, expose it, chastise it, correct it. He was during this period of physical pain and handicap, truly a reincarnation of Mahler, and living through an actual experience of Mahler. When Mahler conducted the first performance of his *Eighth Symphony*, he was stricken with arthritis. He had to conduct sitting, conduct the vast forces of his 'Symphony of a Thousand', a multitude of instrumentalists, soloists, choruses, double choruses, men, women and children, piled up before him in a mighty pyramid, urged on to a musical apotheosis of the closing scenes of Goethe's *Faust* (Part II!). Able to move only his right hand chin-high, he not only dominated the assembled performers in front of him, but he also dominated the audience crowded behind his back. To speak of Klemperer as a great musician and conductor is half of the truth and not the important half. He is a great man of our time, ennobled through 'untiring effort to live and be'.

Klemperer was born in a middle-class family in Breslau 72 years ago. His father was a merchant. From his mother he learned the notes on the piano, and at 16 went to the Conservatium at Frankfurt, later to Berlin, where he studied the piano under Kwast and composition under Pfitzner. Mahler, after his first meeting with the student Klemperer, wrote for him a letter of introduction saying 'this young man is predestined to be a great conductor'. At this time Klemperer himself had not thought of a career as a conductor; like every other young German musician, he intended to compose. (He has, in fact, composed several works, including, significantly enough, a setting of the 42nd Psalm, and a 'Sacred Mass'.) Mahler apparently saw something already at work in Klemperer of the power which later made him a leader of men. Without some tyranny of personal power, at times striking a certain terror, no man can conduct an orchestra; for all good orchestras are made up of hard-bitten musicians who do not readily follow the man at the conductor's desk unless they respect him and even, in recurrent moments, fear him.

From Prague, where at Mahler's recommendation he went as conductor of the German opera, Klemperer began his career and passed through the usual struggles, advancements and set-backs, in Hamburg, Strassburg, Cologne. But he was long winning international renown. The taste of the time ran to the romantic or exhibitionist schools of 'interpretation'. His debut in London at a Courtauld Sargent Concert in the 1920s, was not notable. W. J. Turner in this journal was possibly the only writer on music in this country who immediately perceived his genius. In Germany, Klemperer came into his own at the Kroll Opera in 1927, where as director and conductor, he departed from the usual crowded repertory system and concentrated on a comparatively few productions each season, insisting on numerous rehearsals. The result was a superb ensemble which satisfied the public even in the absence of star performers. Forty-four operas were presented 70 times each. Klemperer did for the Kroll Opera in Berlin what Toscanini did at the Scala in Milan. But his range was wider; he produced not only the standard works but also Janacek's *Aus einem Totenhaus*, Schönberg's *Die Gluckliche Hand* and *Erwartung*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and *L'Histoire du Soldat*, and Hindemith's *Neues vom Tage*.

With the advent of Hitler an abrupt end was made of his contract in Berlin. Driven abroad, he found himself in Los Angeles in charge of an American orchestra; but he did not come under American influences. No power in the US, or elsewhere, could streamline Klemperer. After the war the reaction set in against the subjective ways of interpretation, the call was for unromantic detachment, and Klemperer was made a rallying point for the neo-classic purists. Klemperer had passed through experience enough in worlds of flesh and the devil; he did not come by his old-age asceticism because of a 'reaction' in any artistic 'movement'. It was by will-power and self-mastery that he attained the chaste objectivity which young people of today affect to share as though after the manner born.

He reads Goethe every morning. He is not only Faustian, but also he is Mephistopheles to his own Faust. The spirit of denial in him, the imp of mischief breaks out, perhaps only playfully nowadays. Once he postponed a rehearsal because one of the trumpet players had lost his way in the fog. The programme included Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*. Klemperer was assured that the missing trumpet player would certainly turn up in the next hour; but Klemperer said 'No: rehearsal this afternoon'. At three o'clock the orchestra was again assembled, at some trouble and cost. 'Ah,' said Klemperer, 'We are all here? The first trumpet here? *Ja! So! Wir beginnen rehearsal. Eine kleine Nachtmusik.*' He has mellowed considerably. It is not likely, though, that Klemperer would subscribe to the 'Ripeness is all' philosophy. Rather can we imagine him quoting as his credo the lines of Goethe: *'Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben, Der täglich sie erobern muss'* – 'He only earns his freedom and existence, who daily conquers them anew'.

It is natural that he has come to fulfilment in Beethoven. He can sublimate fist-shaking courage, revolt and idealism in the *Eroica*; he has found convalescence in the *Pastoral*; and by wrestling with himself as vehemently as with Beethoven in the *Missa Solemnis*, he has arrived at a certain serenity and complete self-mastery. One day, when he was resting and taking a sparse lunch after a rehearsal of the *Missa Solemnis*, a message was brought asking if he would conduct the National Anthem at the concert. 'But how,' he asked, 'how can I play the National Anthem tomorrow? The *Missa Solemnis* is a spiritual work.' He said it with a simple fervour that expressed the *credo* which, as man and artist, keeps him going and inspires him.

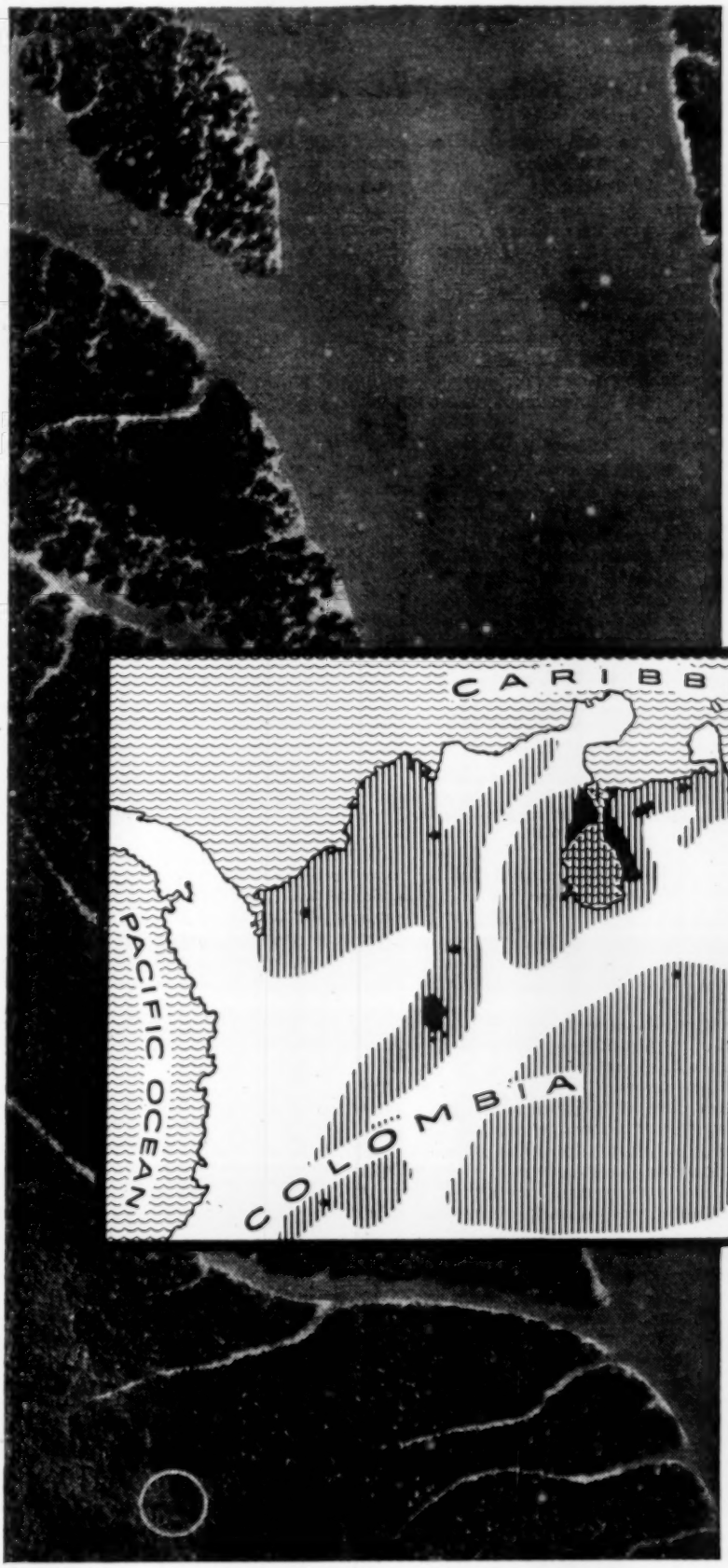
Fleet Street Notebook

THIS may seem an odd week to turn one's mind to parish pumps. But even with a red moon circling the earth and a Soviet H-bomb exploding in outer space, it remains the case that news of what goes on round the parish pump is the news that touches most people most intimately. And it so happens that I have received letters from two correspondents, one on Clydebank and one in Stoke-on-Trent, which raise in an acute form issues of principle concerning the way in which Fleet Street sometimes deals for its own pleasure and profit with events that directly touch the lives of unpretentious people. In a burst of Scottish candour at the time of the Royal Commission on the Press, my eminent friend Mr John Gordon disclosed that he had once circulated his staff on the *Sunday Express* saying: 'The plain fact is – and we all know it to be true – that whenever we see a story in a newspaper concerning something we know about, it is more often wrong than right'.

My Stoke-on-Trent correspondent reports a particular recent instance of this. 'You might,' he writes, 'be doing a good service to about 2,000 fairly average and decent people by considering the treatment given to the shocking story of a family of young adolescents whose widowed mother was accused in the juvenile court at Hanley of habitually giving beer and cigarettes to the children.' I am bound to say that I do not myself remember the story; but apparently, during the course of the hearing, a Church of England lay reader, who was one of the witnesses, was permitted by the magistrates to elaborate and declare, without producing evidence, that on the Chell Heath estate, where the mother concerned lived, this was nothing out of the common; that the majority of parents gave their young children cigarettes and, if not beer, then shandy. What followed from this odd remark was, according to my correspondent, a series of stories in the national dailies under such headlines as 'Little Shockers. Beer, Bad Language and Fags at 14'. And such openings as 'They smoke. They drink beer. They swear. And they're not yet 15. The little tough-guys of Chell Heath', to quote one example. The result of this kind of story, published apparently with little or no attempt to check whether the remark of one witness in a juvenile court case had any real justification, has been, writes my correspondent, devastating for the people on the estate. He asks whether there are no means, through the Press Council or otherwise, to force newspapers to make some attempt to check on such things before publishing sensational stories which can do damage of this sort.

The first answer that comes into one's mind, of course, is that this is a matter where local correspondents must be held particularly responsible. These reporters serve as the eyes and ears of the national press, but since for the most part they also work in local weekly papers which are an integral part of the communities in which they circulate, it might be presumed that they would take care to see that what they send presents an accurate and balanced picture of the people among whom they have to live. This is where my second correspondent comes in. He is himself a free-lance journalist on Clydebank. He writes to complain bitterly that, although the local man takes the rap when a national paper suddenly decides to make use of a piece of local news and give it the full works, he has in fact as often as not no say in what appears. This brooding storm between local correspondents and some national newspapers has now exploded in a rather interesting way on Clydebank itself. There the editor of a small local paper, the *Clydebank Press*, has deliberately withheld news of a meeting, covered exclusively by members of his staff, from two papers, the *Daily Express* and the *Scottish Daily Record*, while sending it to all others, because, he claims, he could not trust these two to use the material fairly.

The occasion was a meeting addressed by the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Dr George F. Macleod. Dr Macleod has himself had various brushes with the press, remarking on one occasion that every-

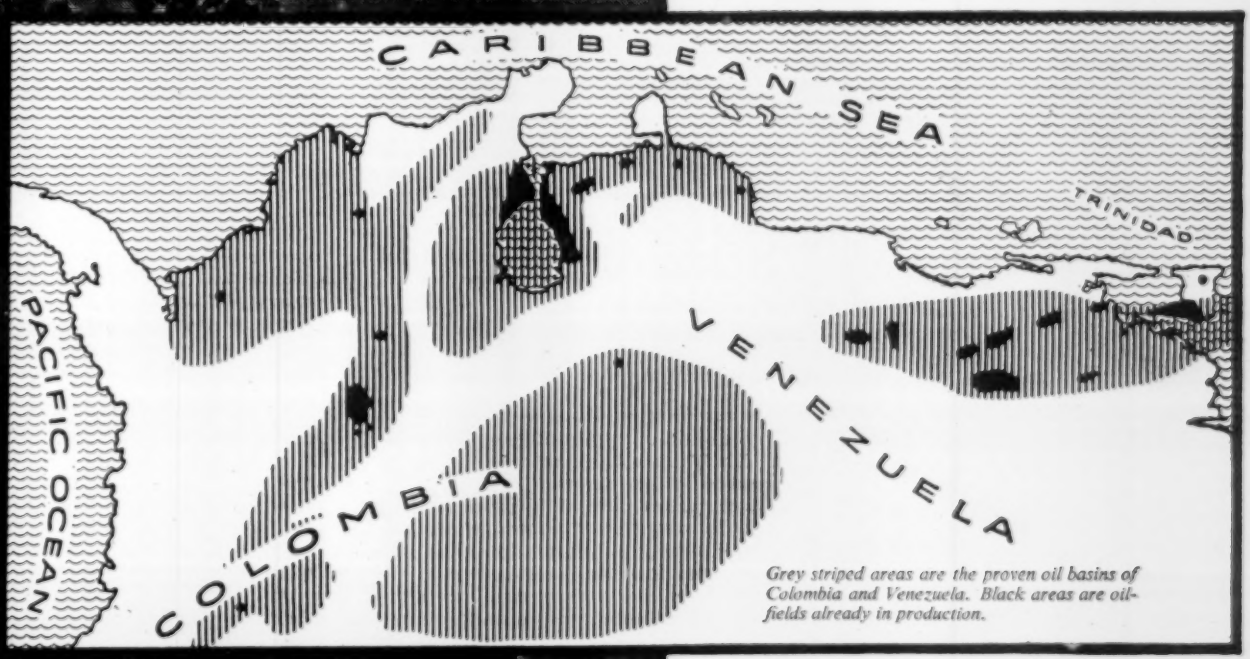


Oil for the future

Where the seas receded from the continents a million or a hundred million years ago, they left deposits that have since turned into oil.

Oil is a young industry, not yet out of its first century. And the next fifty years must see the world production of oil double, and perhaps treble: to supply the energy demands of a world population that is increasing at the rate of 30,000,000 a year.

Our most certain supplies of new oil lie in the proven oil basins. These stretch across the continents and contain the great river systems: the Mississippi, the Tigris/Euphrates, the Ural/Volga, the Ganges and the Indus. New oilfields are being discovered in the vast expanses of these basins, where the seas once covered the earth. But the search for new oil sources is being extended under the deserts of the Sahara, the great rain-forests of South America, the Arctic Circle and the continental shelves of the high seas. The geologists and the geophysicists who locate the new oilfields are the explorers of today.



Grey striped areas are the proven oil basins of Colombia and Venezuela. Black areas are oilfields already in production.

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one who has had anything to do with newspapermen 'comes to know the pleasantness of pressmen as individuals and the irresponsible twist they end by giving to nearly every mortal thing by their passion for the sensational and, it might be claimed, their orders from above'. In this case the editor of the *Clydebank Press* decided on his own responsibility that a local meeting between the Moderator and the church officers and clergy of Clydebank, to which his paper alone had been invited, ought not to be sent to the two papers mentioned because he had, he alleges, no confidence from past experience that they would publish a truthful and unbiased report. His charge appears to be that, because the Scottish edition of the *Daily Express* has deeply involved itself in the controversy over the suggestion that the Church of Scotland should have bishops, it is unwilling to give a straight unbalanced report of any speech made by the Moderator, who is believed to be in favour of bishops. His charge against the *Daily Record* is different. It is that since it was taken over by the *Mirror* group it has given 'sensational and almost incoherent treatment to every subject it headlines'. The editor of the *Clydebank Press* may or may not be right in this allegation of what these two papers would have done with the report if he had sent it. But certainly there are large numbers of people all over the country who, having had the dubious pleasure of seeing some local news in which they have themselves been concerned translated into the idiom of Fleet Street, have emerged from the ordeal more than ever convinced that 'you can't trust the press'. It is of those things which in the long run will only be altered if journalists themselves act.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Why no Gastronomer Royal?

IS IT TIME a Gastronomer Royal was appointed? Are we to muddle along with nobody to tell us what is approved eating—sorry, dietary intake? Can we go on eating bread, for instance, if no one tells us we may?

With simply terrific respect, yes. And anyway, confirmed bread-addicts now have scientific backing. In our benighted way, it seems we have hit on a good thing in bread. It is, say the pundits, tremendously nourishing. In other words, it's good for you. According to a recent report*, in the average diet, bread and flour provide more energy, more protein, more nicotinic acid, more iron and more Vitamin B_1 than any other single food.

As basic foods go, bread's the cheapest one going. In terms of food value per penny, it's the best you can get. A nutritional bargain, in fact.

So make sure your family eats plenty of bread every day—good and fresh.

National Food Survey Committee Report, 1955 (Page 132) published by H.M.S.O.
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26·5% of the energy; 27·8% of the protein; 25·5% of the nicotinic acid; 23·4% of the iron; 28·7% of the Vitamin B_1.

Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1·60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

The Arts and Entertainment

The Ring Revisited

The Ring of the Nibelung is a mountain chain with foothills extending in all directions; we may approach it from any quarter, but the angle from which we first glimpse the whole range is likely to affect our feelings about it for the rest of our lives. As a pre-radio child far from all musical activities, I first encountered it as pure narrative, embedded in a children's story-book which mentioned neither Wagner nor music. I thought it a marvellous story, and still do: not so enthralling as the *Odyssey*, but still richer in its suggestion of a vast and immeasurably picturesque universe—forest and flood, rainbow and fire, mountain top and river bed. People who find this world tedious must have lost all touch with their childhood.

Years passed; I was introduced to those excessively maligned Wagnerian concert extracts by way of some ancient and gruff gramophone records; and at once I recognised with rapture the audible counterpart of the magical nature-world of my story-book. I began, in Shaw's words, 'to breathe that vast orchestral atmosphere of fire, air, earth and water' beside which other music, however great, seems to belong indoors. I saw the glittering bridge lead to Walhalla in the setting sun; I sprawled in the cool forest depths, listened to the drowsy woodland hum and the sudden bright streaks of birdsong, tasted the pure morning air of the mountain top, looked all round me in the sudden stillness at the spread-out world. *The Ring* revealed itself as the greatest of picture-books; and even now I value the vein of nature poetry in Wagner quite as highly as the human drama in the tetralogy, and far above those 'philosophical aspects' and profounder 'messages' about which, to tell the truth, I have always been rather vague.

How then would Rudolf Kempe's *Ring*, as it has been once more unfolded to us at Covent Garden, strike a listener with such an approach as this? To speak of 'Kempe's *Ring*' is no idle phrase: he has stamped his conception on contemporary audiences as powerfully as Bruno Walter and Sir Thomas Beecham stamped theirs on audiences between the wars; and it is indeed a noble conception, clear and compact, musical and intelligent, a matter of scrupulous control and fine architectural proportion, free from all false rhetoric and emotional self-indulgence. These qualities, virtuous in themselves, beget further virtues in the singers, who can make themselves heard without shouting or screaming or barking. But for so much studious moderation a price has to be paid. If there is no ranting or roaring in Kempe's *Ring*, there is also some want of splendour and colour, of scale and scope. The familiar landscape seems less glorious than before. Thirty years ago Bruno Walter, with the help of a superlative group of singers, gave us a *Ring* that was also musical from end to end; but the great moments used then, I recall, to blaze in a style which is possibly becoming antipathetic to the modern listener. It is partly a matter of dynamics; partly of rhythmic vigour. Kempe's *Ring* is exquisitely beautiful, but I find it a shade polite.

His handling of *Das Rheingold* was typical. With his eyes on the great vistas ahead, he kept the one-act 'Vorabend' quiet and low-toned, resolutely refusing to anticipate subsequent thrills. In theory, his case was impeccable; in practice, this *Rheingold* was more than a little dull—the Rhine less sweeping, the Rhinemaidens less seductive and less differentiated, the Giants less ponderous, and Loge (Erich Witte) less mischievous and mercurial than we expect; only Hotter's majestic Wotan and the furious Alberich of Otakar Kraus were right up to scale. On the other hand, almost all *Die Walküre* and especially the first act of *Siegfried* showed the conductor's refined art at its greatest; in the latter he had at his disposal not only a thoroughly competent Siegfried in Windgassen but a marvellously skilful and artistic Mime in Peter Klein; and the resulting flexibility and variety were truly delightful to experience. During the second act we began to feel some lack of tenderness and sensuous bloom in the tone of both hero and orchestra; and the interlude which paints Siegfried's ascent to the fire-girt rock has been known to sound more exciting and impressive. The duet which ends this opera and that which opens the main action of *Götterdämmerung* were again too calm and too subdued to convey the physical rapture of the lovers; but both soprano and tenor, and the orchestra too, reached great heights in the dramatic confrontations of the second act and the reminiscent monologues of the last.

Mme Birgit Nilsson, the new Brünnhilde, is beyond reasonable doubt a Wagnerian soprano in the great tradition: apparently the sole authentic example of that rare species since the retirement of Kirsten Flagstad. She does not yet know half so much about the role of Brünnhilde as either Mme Mödl or Mme Varnay; but already, by sheer radiance of voice and dignity of bearing, she convinces us that she is Wagner's Valkyrie. The voice, which seems equal to any demand, retained its purity and steadiness almost unflawed through the three long evenings; it needs only a richer variety of colour and inflexion. That she has great artistic promise was shown in her serene 'Ewig war ich' and in the great denunciations of Act 2 of *Götterdämmerung*, to which she brought a scornful curl of the lip quite her own and entirely appropriate. At present she is least successful in conveying the more passionate side of the character; and it may be that another conductor might help her towards this. Or perhaps another singer: might it not be wise to study Brünnhilde and Isolde with Mme Frida Leider, whose great qualities were just those in which the younger artist is at present deficient? She also needs to acquire a shake, an accomplishment required surprisingly often in Brünnhilde's music. But, shake or no shake, she must come back to us next year and regularly.

Wolfgang Windgassen is also, in all probability, the best Siegfried now before the public. His voice has no very pronounced individuality, but it is pleasing and artistically used. He inclines to save himself, not only in the more taxing outbursts but in such passages as the forest meditations in *Siegfried*; but his forging scene was splendidly virile and his final Narration full of spontaneity and charm. Ramon Vinay and Sylvia Fisher repeated their admirable characterisations of the twin Volsungs, alike even to the extent of both sounding happiest in the lower and middle registers. Hans Hotter is an immensely impressive artist sometimes betrayed by his voice, which tends to become unsteady under pressure and oddly cavernous in its resonance; but his soft singing is often very beautiful. This Wotan's long narrative to Brünnhilde achieved a profound

patnos, and his final leave-taking from her had one unforgettable moment when, turning away from the beloved daughter, he betrayed only by the blind groping of one hand his overmastering need for a last embrace. As the two then came together, Kempe for once led his orchestra into an outburst of shattering poignancy and eloquence. It was the emotional climax of a *Ring* which was musically and dramatically, though alas for the most part not scenically, of the utmost credit to our Royal Opera House.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Henri Laurens

THE genius of Laurens, a most welcome exhibition of whose bronzes and drawings can be seen at the Marlborough, was an ability to create beauty out of ingredients which run counter to our ideas of the beautiful. And I mean that he created beauty, not only something poetic or expressive or impressive or poignant or life-enhancing, but beauty, *id quod visum placet*. The constituent shapes of his sculptures are all wrong: they sag, like sacks, they are overblown, bloated, they resemble at other times deformed bananas. But they are put together to make sculptures that are all lightness and grace and harmony and a taut serenity.

The sculptures are mostly figurations of women, sitting, standing, lying down. And these women are no more than women. For the most part, the sculptors of our time use the human figure as a metaphor, making it a kind of landscape or machine or beast or insect or plant. Laurens's human figure is no more or less than a woman. It is true that this woman is sometimes, the title tells us, meant to embody the idea of Summer or Autumn; again, in *Les Ondines*, the silhouette of the figures reclining together imitates the undulations of the sea: yet these are no more than pleasant conceits, and our basic awareness of all Laurens's figures is an awareness of the human figure in them and of this alone.

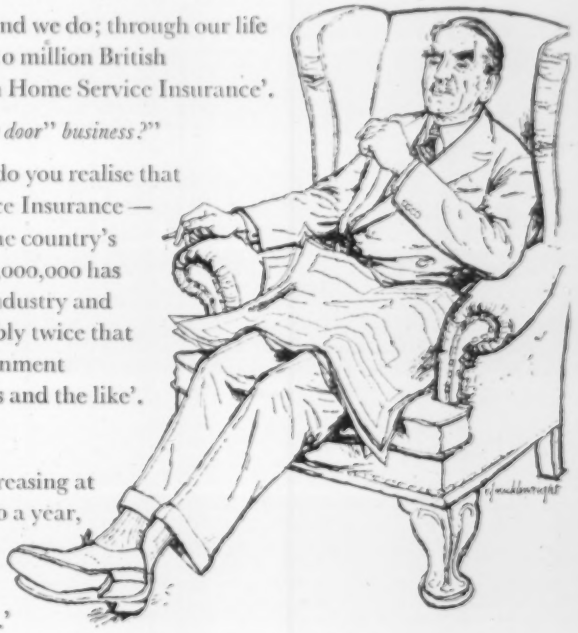
I said above that most of the sculptors of our time tend to transform the human figure into something other. Now, this is not true, of course, of those modern sculptors who have more or less followed the Greek ideal. Laurens's greatness is that he succeeded after 1930 in abandoning the Greek ideal without in so doing abandoning the pagan humanism associated with it. He succeeded in creating a radically new form of ideal beauty. Certainly his mature style has affinities with certain sculptures and paintings of Picasso done between 1929 and 1933, the very time of its formation, but its roots clearly go deeper than this. The long cylindrical bodies, the stunted limbs – these, surely, are inherited from those African carvings of which one major late work, *Les Deux Soeurs*, is an outright pastiche. Only, the African proportions are twisted and exaggerated and attenuated into serpentine arabesques reminiscent of late Italian Mannerism. We might say that Laurens's sculpture bears the same relation to the African sculpture discovered at the turn of the century as Mannerist sculpture to the antique sculpture discovered in the Renaissance.

The present exhibition includes only 33 sculptures, and only two or three of these are among Laurens's larger works, but the selection has been careful enough to make it thoroughly characteristic and comprehensive. With the exception of the pre-1920 constructions, carvings, and polychrome reliefs – and there are several early collages to provide a reasonable substitute for these – all the phases and aspects of Laurens's work

Who on earth can save?

'Save . . . save . . . save! That's all you hear these days. I ask you, who can save?'

'We all can, George. And we do; through our life assurances. And so do at least 10 million British families — through Home Service Insurance'.



'Ah! You mean this "man at the door" business?'

'Exactly, George. And do you realise that this "business" — Home Service Insurance — invests enormous sums in the country's economic welfare? Over £300,000,000 has already been invested in Industry and Commerce alone, while probably twice that amount has gone into Government Securities, Mortgages and the like'.

'Really? You astonish . . .'

'And these savings are now increasing at the rate of about £60,000,000 a year, which I think you'll admit is pretty good'.

'Yes — but . . .'

'And all this comes about through that well known personality, the Insurance Man, who goes from home to home collecting premiums, paying claims, and generally being counsellor and guide to these 10 million families who look on him as a personal friend'.

'Yes — but how . . .'

'You may think that all this has nothing to do with the kind of insurances you and I hold. You couldn't be more wrong. The Home Service Insurance Man also does a substantial proportion of the "ordinary" life assurance business in this country, as well as a lot of fire and accident insurance. All in all, George, the Insurance Man is doing a good job of work'.

10 million families save through

HOME SERVICE INSURANCE

CP48 *Issued by The Industrial Life Offices*

in sculpture are represented, and worthily represented, not least because the small bronzes include sketch-models for (or smaller versions of) a number of the absent major works, such as *Les Ondines, La Lune, La Baigneuse.*

The presentation is less exemplary. There are too many plinths – the farther room is like a forest – too much symmetry, and too much spotlighting, though the spacing in the first room is good, and the height of plinths nicely adjusted on the whole. The catalogue includes too many photographs that are out of focus and a deplorable essay by D.-H. Kahnweiler, which is a translation of the preface to the catalogue of the Laurens retrospective in Brussels in 1949 (incidentally, as it has not been at all revised, it has the unhappy effect of speaking of Laurens the man as if he were still alive). Surely Laurens was clearly enough a great sculptor not to require boosting through distortions of fact, not to say oddities of judgment? The oddities include the remark that 'the purely sculptural element in [Rodin's] work consisted in an element of decorative stylisation which now ages very noticeably and is, in fact, dated "1900"' – a remark which, besides being ridiculous, is tactless in its context, since Laurens's work of the Twenties contains an element of decorative stylisation most palpably dated '1920': indeed, much of the pleasure to be had from his work of this period is precisely the peculiar enjoyment of simultaneously smiling at period absurdities and being moved by enduring qualities.

The distortion of fact arises when Kahnweiler recounts the history of the growth of modern sculpture. 'Paradoxical as it may seem,' he writes, 'it was the cubist painters who set sculpture free and allowed it to return to its true self.' By 'setting sculpture free', Kahnweiler means liberating it from an essentially pictorial conception, making it truly three-dimensional and not a relief in disguise. He also, from his remarks on Maillol, seems to mean liberating it from Philhellenism. Was it indeed left to Picasso and Braque to do this, in their intermittent sculptural experiments of 1912-14? What of Matisse, who, in the last of the five *Jeanette* heads, executed *circa* 1910-11, closely anticipated the famous Picasso heads of 1932? What of Archipenko who, bad artist though he was even then, arrived at the formal innovations of Picasso's bronze, *The Absinthe Glass*, of 1914, in his *Walking Figure* of 1912? What of Brancusi's *Sleeping Muse* of 1909-10 and *Maiastra* of 1912? The analogy is perhaps unfortunate this week, but in the matter of who did it first Kahnweiler on the cubists tends to be like the Russians on the Russians.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Too Much Jazz?

SHOW-BUSINESS men have an ineradicable tendency to slaughter the geese that lay their golden eggs, and they are in danger of doing so at the moment. Never have jazz-lovers faced a more superb short-term prospect. By the end of the year we shall have heard Rushing and the Teagarden band, Sister Rosetta Tharpe's gospel songs, a new edition of Count Basie, the Modern Jazz Quartet and Wild Bill Davidson, not to mention Canon Collins' jazz concert, while we may expect Brubeck, Hampton, a fine Buck Clayton combination and perhaps *Jazz at the Philharmonic* early in the new year. The long-term prospect is gloomier. Frankly, there is a risk that the British market, which is limited though growing, is being over-supplied. At the prices which they will have to charge, several agents and impresarios are bound to lose on their deals. Even if the present boom continues, it is the sheerest gamble to bring over bands whose guarantee can only be covered by a minimum of something like two nightly concerts in large halls, at prices only just within reach of a 'teen-age public. When every impresario simultaneously undertakes the same gamble, several stand to lose. If the experience of Paris, where a similar lunatic rush took place a few years ago, is a guide, most of them will then also lose the incentive to import American stars, though economists will gain one more example of the workings of capitalism.

Still, in the meantime we can enjoy this season's plentiful visitors. The first batch is very good indeed. The Teagarden band (imported by the ever-active National Jazz Federation) is, all things considered, the most satisfactory 'Dixieland' group we have so far heard over here. Its pianist Earl Hines, a brash brown showman given to scene-stealing, is one of the three or four finest jazz pianists there have ever been, a dynamic and brilliant talent. He is as much a master in 1957 as he was in his immortal recordings with Louis Armstrong in 1928-30. The connoisseurs of drumming are savagely divided into the partisans of the great Jo Jones and those of Cozy Cole, an impassive, thin-nosed virtuoso of enormous gifts, whose dry, precise, almost academic drumming is not to everyone's taste. Nevertheless, his sober brilliance, especially in solo work, is not to be denied. If Jack Teagarden is slightly overshadowed by these two, it is not only because they are in fact the strongest players in the band, but also because his beautiful and deceptively easy trombone sounds, which emerge so oddly from a prize-fighter's face, are less suited for projection from a stage. This fine artist does himself greater justice on records – e.g., the recent London LTZ N 15077. Altogether, this is a good band with which to start the season.

I have in the past written enough about that king of blues-singers, James P. Rushing, to say merely that anyone who did not hear and see him on his recent tour is to be profoundly pitied. Rushing was doubly lucky: in working a loose schedule which allowed him rest, and a chance to sing in the informality of jazz clubs, where a musician is at his best, and in the accompaniment of the revolutionised Humphrey Lyttelton band, which has now become that rare, perhaps that unique article, a British band which genuinely 'jumps'. It was a memorable sight to see this noble artist and gentleman (in the old-fashioned sense of the term) heave himself up from his table, adjust a vast suit over a pink shirt and cuff-links in the shape of black poodles, and, diamond ring flashing from finger, kindness from under his close-shaven head, tread the platform like a hippopotamus, to give the blues as it ought to be sung:

> If anyone asks you, baby, who it was sung this song
> If anyone asks you, baby, who it was sung this song
> Tell them it was Jimmy Rushing, he's been here and gone.

He has, and we will not forget him, nor the mass of rapt squatting 'teen-agers for whom the blues is not only the art which imparts rhythm, but also the art which does not lie about anything it sings about: men, women, money, love. If Rushing had been a flamenco singer he would have had the finest poets of Spain writing in his honour. The critic can only hope, in simple prose, that he will return.

Not all leading jazz musicians will be visiting us. Though Basie opens in London on the 24th, Ellington remains in America. We shall have to rely on records such as the mixed (but worthwhile) *Duke Ellington Presents* (London) and the splendid *Ellington's Sidemen* (Philips). The great Armstrong will not be visiting us either; a pity, for British jazz-lovers would no doubt wish to applaud him for his admirable public protest against Eisenhower's hesitations over Little Rock. Armstrong's stand is all the more remarkable, as he has hitherto had a reputation for unmilitancy, even playing for segregated audiences. Nor is his action without risks, even for a star. Already there has been talk of dropping him from some TV programmes as a 'controversial' figure. But we all know now that musicians have their convictions. They sustain many of the artists at the Ballads and Blues concert (Stratford Theatre Royal)

WOMAN IN A DRESSING GOWN

Is a British film which has proved to be an international success; at the Berlin Festival, it won the International Critics prize for the Best Film; Yvonne Mitchell, the star, won the Silver Bear Award for Best Actress, and the film had an honourable mention for merit from the Catholic Film Bureau. Since then, this outstanding drama has opened in New York and London to rave press reports. Starring Yvonne Mitchell, Sylvia Syms and Anthony Quayle, "Woman in a Dressing Gown" (cert. A) is now showing at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square. This is a picture no discerning filmgoer should miss!

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on Sunday at 7, and they will sustain both players and audience – doubtless a packed one – at Canon Collins' Festival Hall concert on the 15th.

FRANCIS NEWTON

Well, Actually . . .

THE BBC's new Sunday-afternoon television *News Review* is a good idea, and those concerned with it should be able to set the week's events in a more careful perspective than they can be set in the now frequent daily news bulletins. There wasn't time for much perspective last Sunday, though: the news of the Soviet earth-satellite, which obviously overshadowed everything else, had broken late on Friday night. (Associated-Rediffusion also went to work on this fairly smartly, substituting a complete programme about it for their scheduled school programme on Tuesday: but will such sudden topical deviations from the curriculum be acceptable to teachers, who would hardly have had time, in this case, to brief themselves with answers to the many questions that must have followed?) On the whole, the standard of accuracy in BBC news bulletins, on sound or TV, is high – amazingly so, when one realises that they must be produced under rush conditions almost as harassing as those of a newspaper office. But we have a right to expect that *News Review*, with (normally) more time in hand, will be even more accurate. Its summary of the Labour Party Conference at Brighton referred to the Party's 'proposal for buying state shares in companies thought to be not doing their job properly', which is not the proposal at all, but a telescoping, and consequently a garbling, of two separate proposals; and to a Conference vote (on the H-bomb) 'against Britain acting alone', a simplification which also gives a misleading impression of what was actually decided.

A gremlin seemed, indeed, to be haunting BBC TV on Sunday. It made the chairman of *The Brains Trust* refer twice to the regretted absence of 'Mrs Nehru' (meaning Mrs Pandit), and it caused Bertrand Russell to slip into a common misquotation of Lord Acton's dictum on power. But I am inclined to think that three (plus question-master) may now be a better number than four for the team in this programme. Those invited to appear in it are always highly articulate people; and the laboriously informal (and monotonously horizontal) disposition of the 'easy' chairs in which they sit, like passengers stranded in a pre-Festival airport lounge, makes it no longer necessary visually to balance the panel, as it still is in discussion programmes in which those taking part sit at a table on each side of the chairman.

It was recently announced that an element of politics is occasionally to be allowed to creep into *The Brains Trust*. This is, on the whole, a welcome reform; and one should not, therefore, complain that Lord Chandos was able last Sunday to get away, unchallenged, with some highly partisan observations – for instance, that bipartisanism is necessary in colonial policy. It is better that this should happen, so long as some non-Conservative political figures also are given their heads, than that the BBC should attempt to secure an artificial balance within each team. The programme is already flaccid enough. It seems to shroud and muffle its participants in a kind of benign English-Sunday-afternoon stupor – so that the once sharp-edged Bertrand Russell could say, apparently without conscious euphemism, merely that Ramsay MacDonald, in his later years, had 'mellowed'.

all the answers about

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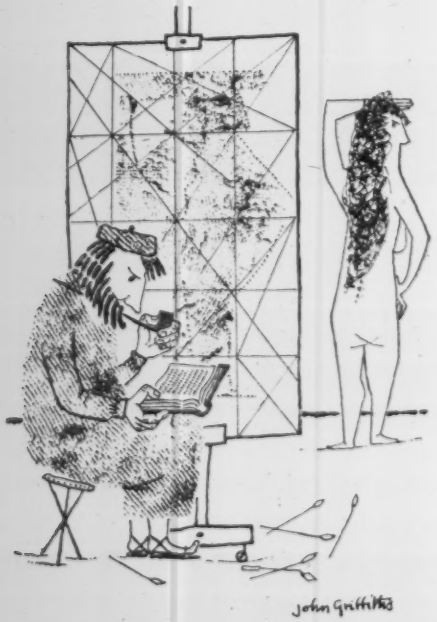
If politicians are to be allowed into *The Brains Trust*, room might be found now and then – if the suggestion be not too dangerously radical – for a Christian. I think, and have often said, that atheists, agnostics and scientific humanists are, on the whole, ill done by on the air; but it can hardly be denied that they dominate *The Brains Trust*, which is, after all, the BBC's principal discussion programme. They will be, if not dominant, at least adequately represented this coming Sunday, for example: a team consisting of Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Professor Ayer, Mr Huxley and Dr Bronowski ought to provide some stimulating conversation – if they are stimulated to it by worth-while questions. But some of the questions, of late, have been utterly fatuous. As a viewer, one feels positively ashamed that such distinguished people should have been coaxed to the studio to waste their time in dealing with them.

However distinguished, none the less, would they please refrain from wasting *our* time by starting their answers with the *cliché*, 'Well, that's a very difficult question. . . .'?

TOM DRIBERG

Anti-System

THE news from Warsaw has brought the films of Andrej Wajda into my mind. These films, *Kanal* and *A Generation*, were shown at Cannes this year, and I was able only briefly to mention them in my NEW STATESMAN report on the festival. The former (which is in fact the more recent) will be shown in the *Sunday Times* festival at the National Film Theatre next week, and I recommend anyone who can to see it. The latter will, I suppose, not be shown here at all. I saw it again, privately, at the beginning of the week and, as I say, my mind is full of it.



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A Generation belongs to a well-established Communist tradition of cinema: a young worker, something of a vagabond, comes to understand the nature of the class-struggle and the revolutionary ideal, is transformed by his new understanding, and dedicates himself to the cause. It is a tradition which naturally has produced a quantity of banal film-making, but to which we owe also some of the most memorable achievements of the Soviet cinema – Donskoi's Gorki trilogy, and the *Maxim* films of Kozintsev and Trauberg. But here the theme is varied, enriched by another element: a national pride and a kind of passionate, humane idealism which seems distinctively Polish. As the title tells us, *A Generation* is a picture of Polish youth at a particularly tragic moment of their history, during the German occupation, when all conflicts were simplified by the presence of a foreign enemy. And the Marxist, conformist trimmings obligatory at the time (the film was made two years ago) are insignificant beside the gallant and youthful spirit of the picture, its intense aspiration for liberty, and also a romantic, underlying melancholy totally absent from its Russian equivalent. The light is sunless: there is a grey reality about these Warsaw streets which makes one feel the truth is being told. The close-ups are humanistic, full of dignity. One is reminded of the wonderful pictures Cartier Bresson took in Poland last year – and in particular that one of an editorial meeting of *Po Prostu*, the students' paper whose suppression touched off the recent trouble. These are Socialists, not Communists, and one trembles for them. They are not unaware that there is a price to pay for liberty. It is significant that the positive symbol with which the story ends – the group of young people who lope awkwardly up to continue the fight – is set against the grief of the young hero who has just seen his girl (and mentor) taken away by the Gestapo. We remember the words with which she sadly ended her vision of the bright future after victory: '. . . unless it is easier to die for our cause, than to live for it . . .' This was the first full-length film of its young director: his style is already taut, personal and richly expressive. Its sobre, powerful images are beautifully photographed. The acting is overwhelmingly sincere; and as the boy, Tadeusz Lomnicki plays with a reserved power, a sensitivity and an intelligence which puts him immediately in the class of Fonda or Gabin.

As I say, *A Generation* is unlikely to be shown in this country, the system being what it is. Why, then, am I writing about it? First, because this is only the third week of William Whitebait's holiday – yet I already feel as though I give the impression that I never enjoy a film. Such is the effect of having to attend a succession of West End press shows. And, secondly, because it seems to me important that the existence of films like this should be noticed – trumpeted – by critics, whether commercial showing is planned for them or not. Too many of the good films that are being made in the world are excluded by our present system of distribution and exhibition. To allow oneself to be reduced to carping, week after week, at the shoddy stuff we are given instead, is only another way of conforming.

The week's ration for the public screens may be shortly dealt with. *Bridge on the River Kwai* (Plaza) is a huge, expensive chocolate box of a war picture. Inside it is perhaps a bitter and ironic idea; but it takes more than the word 'madness' repeated three times at the end of a film to justify comparisons with *All Quiet on the Western Front*. They'll be saying that the new Jayne Mansfield is better than Lubitsch next. *Woman in a Dressing Gown* (Warner) is neo-unrealist: a little suburban story directed with unsuitable gloss, and a kitchen-sink performance by Yvonne Mitchell that reminded me of Hermione Baddeley in one of her turns in an Ambassador's revue. *Robbery Under Arms* (Odeon, Leicester Square) is an Australian Western which lacks grasp and tempo, but has some quite vivid stuff towards the end.

LINDSAY ANDERSON

Correspondence

LABOUR AND THE BOMB

SIR,—The Labour Party has now been committed by its leaders to (a) unilateral suspension of H-bomb tests as a moral lead for an agreement to abolish tests; (b) declaring that 'constant stockpiling of nuclear weapons' is 'an obstacle to international agreement'; (c) rejecting a proposal for unilateral cessation of manufacture of the H-bomb as a moral lead for an agreement to abolish nuclear weapons; we are, therefore, to go on stockpiling nuclear weapons until we reach the final stage in a three-stage international disarmament agreement. The last decision makes little sense against the background of the first two. It makes even less sense in the light of Mr Bevan's announcement on his return from the Soviet Union, that the Russians dread war and want peace as much as we do, and of Mr Attlee's definition of Labour's purpose on 14 March, 1955.

> Essentially, we should try to bring together the United States and Soviet Russia, because the greatest danger in the world is the complete separation of those two great powers and the fact, which I think is true, that the USSR fears the US and the US fears the USSR—and fear is a bad counsellor.

So long as we go on making H-bombs we share and increase that fear. And the fear dooms us to remain a satellite, with no possibility of 'exerting influence upon the policies of the United States and the Soviet Union' (Bevan). For, as the 1957 Defence White Paper says, the H-bombs this country can make constitute only a 'modest contribution' by comparison with the US (the actual figure is 3-5 per cent of the US output), and whether we make them or not this country cannot defend itself against nuclear attack and must rely on American protection. We cannot be both an American protectorate and an independent influence in the world. But if we renounce American protection and the H-bomb, we can break the psychosis of fear and take a line of our own.

Mr Bevan argued at Brighton that we could not scrap the alliances without putting something in their place. But composite resolution No. 19, which he had just accepted, stated what Labour was putting in their place. It pledges Labour to invite the Soviet Union and China into partnership in keeping the peace, through East-West regional agreements based on the Charter. These East-West agreements based on the Charter, must replace the rival military alliances, for you cannot combine one set of treaty arrangements based on the assumption the Soviet Union wants peace with another assuming it wants war and, therefore, we must make H-bombs.

In short, either our leaders go back on the 'United Nations' foreign policy they have just accepted and revert to the Tory policy of a balance of power sustained by military alliances and a nuclear arms race under American command—or they renounce the H-bomb. At present they are in an unholy muddle.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

BOYCOTT

SIR,—Mr Irwin's article on the Fethard-on-Sea boycott omits to mention a couple of vital points

which are necessary for a correct appraisal of the situation.

In the first place, it must be emphasised that the non-Roman Catholic party to a Roman Catholic marriage must sign the *Ne Temere* decree which binds him (or her) to bring the children of the marriage up in the Roman Catholic faith. This, a contract signed under duress, is not legally binding in England or Scotland, but it is so binding in Ireland. Hence Mrs Clooney was virtually compelled to sign this contract *after she had been legally married*. She was, therefore, legally bound by a condition she never anticipated and was left no option in the action she took in fleeing from the petty tyranny of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the 26 counties.

Secondly, Mr Irwin does not emphasise that the boycott has the sanction, not only of the local Roman Catholic clergy (for these are mere puppets anyway), but of the Irish hierarchy. In the presence of the Archbishops of Dublin and Armagh the Bishop of Galway publicly approved the action of the majority in Fethard and pledged the support of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this tyrannical action. The same Bishop even took exception to the criticism which the affair justifiably provoked. He showed resentment at the publicity given to the affair, mainly by a more liberal Dublin newspaper, and lamented, *inter alia*, that criticisms of Irish society such as those of Mr Blanshard, should circulate in the 26 counties.

It is unfortunate that since legal opinion was taken by both sides of the laity in Fethard in late June or early July there has been, as far as I am aware, no mention of the boycott in the Dublin press: the impression given was that the whole objectionable thing had died a natural death. Meanwhile, the government, too, does nothing about the matter and it is fair to suppose that it does know what goes on in the country. It can only be inferred that the power of the Roman Catholic hierarchy has stifled both public criticism and government action and Irish governments are dominated by this body, as was demonstrated clearly by the Brown fiasco of a few years ago. Things have come to a pretty pass when an English publication has to defend Irish freedom.

A. LL. WRIGHT

Dean's Court
St Andrews, Fife

GROTIUS ON NUCLEAR WAR

SIR,—Mr Crossman upholds Dr Kissinger's demand for increased American ability to fight limited wars, but considers him 'ridiculous' to include limited nuclear war in this. Surely Mr Crossman knows that there are some areas and circumstances in which the West cannot match a serious local Communist aggression by conventional forces, without kiloton weapons and resort to tactical atomic war. This is not just a thing we can avoid by providing more conventional forces. It is an inherent factor arising from the interior lines of communication with which geography blesses the Communists, from their lower standards of living and dying, and from their ability, as dictators and potential aggressors, to deploy more rapidly and secretly than us.

Although we should provide all the conventional forces we can afford, and confine ourselves to the use of these whenever possible, readiness to use tactical atomic weapons, if necessary, provides the best possible deterrent to serious limited aggressions, even when the Communists catch up with us in such weapons, because tactical atomic war (a) favours the defender of territory more than the attacker, (b) enables a given front to be defended with far smaller forces, (c) makes swift retaliation possible and thus a quick *fait accompli* by the aggressor difficult, (d) makes the whole venture not only hazardous for the aggressor militarily, but most unprofitable for him politically for a local limited issue.

Mr Crossman may be excused for thinking it impracticable to restrict tactical atomic war and prevent it spreading to total global war, for until Mr Dulles' recent article in *Foreign Affairs*, western governments have done little to remove this common fallacy. Detailed study shows that it should be practicable provided we strictly limit our war aims, the geographical area of hostilities, the size and 'dirtiness' of our atomic weapons, and the targets we attack, particularly in avoiding cities. Despite Communist peace-time propaganda to the contrary (unwittingly aided by Mr Crossman), the Communists would strive to conform to such limitations in the event, because the alternative—total global war—would be far worse for them—as also for us.

Once the Communists see the western public are behind Mr Dulles' conviction that tactical atomic war is quite different from total global war, can be strictly limited, and need not lead to total war, our deterrent against limited aggression will become effective. We will thus only have to implement it if the Communists should miscalculate, when, having seen their mistake, they would demand a 'cease-fire', *provided* we observe our limitations—particularly in our war aims. Only by establishing a distinction between local tactical atomic and total global war, can we deal with Communism without committing genocide. Only then, too, can we arrest the race in total-war weapons and preparations, which is breaking us economically and obstructing disarmament.

A. W. BUZZARD

NEW SCHOOL TIE

SIR,—The Education Act of 1944 is meaningless in most rural districts, and the basic requirements of the Act, that it is intended to provide an equality of educational opportunity, are being frustrated continuously by backward education authorities. These backward education authorities, by a deliberate policy of discrimination, place in jeopardy the future of every child who attends a rural primary school.

As many of your readers will know, the national average of children who are successful in grammar school selection tests is about 21 per cent. The counties vary, ranging as high as 63 per cent in some

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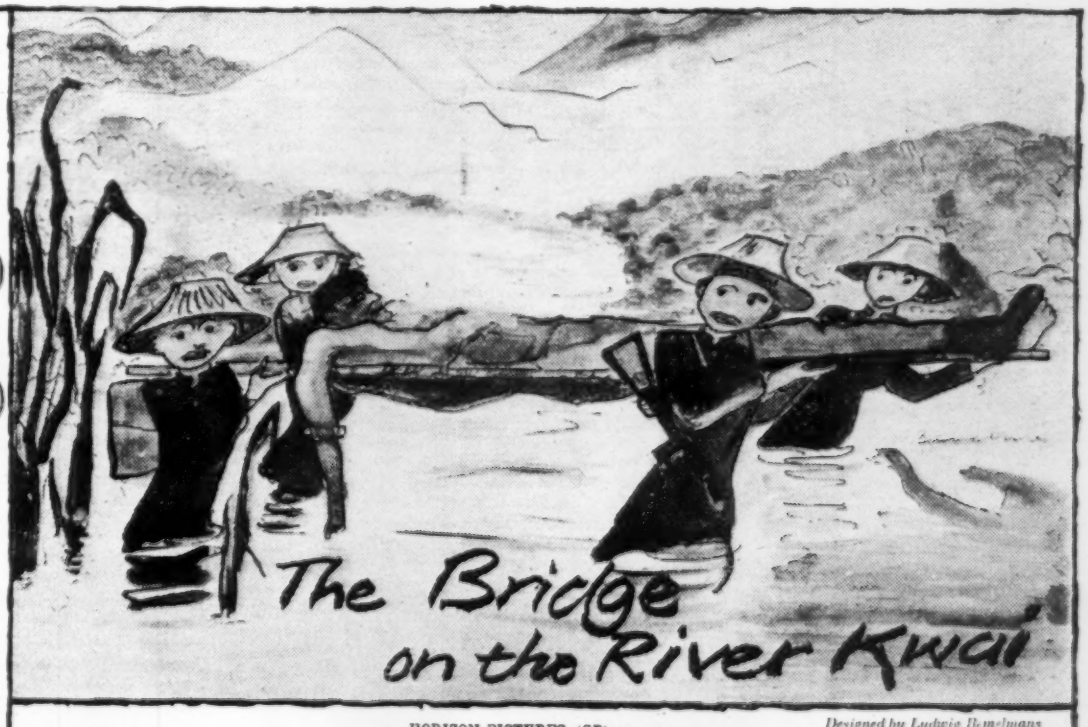

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of the Welsh counties to 8 per cent in Rutland. But, within the counties, there is a difference in academic achievement between the town primary schools and the rural primary schools. In this county of Bucks, which is 87th from the top of the list in grammar school places, the average successes in the selection test for the county was stated in the House of Commons last year to be 19 per cent.

The Bucks education authority say that they do not know what results are obtained in the schools in the county. To me this seems highly improbable, but because of their bureaucratic refusal to provide the information, there is no alternative but to obtain what information it is possible to obtain privately.

In five rural primary schools in the county, the following results in grammar school selection tests were obtained:

School 1: 0.5 per cent successes over eight years.
School 2: 0.51 per cent successes over eight years.
School 3: 10 per cent estimated.
School 4: 6.5 per cent estimated.
School 5: No successes ever.

The town schools obtain 30 per cent to 50 per cent successes in grammar school selection tests.

I am quite satisfied that these results are typical of rural primary schools in Bucks, and I am equally satisfied that the Bucks education authority will continue its policy of maintaining this two-level system of primary education for the county until it is compelled to do otherwise either by public outcry or by ministerial direction.

For far too long country children have been the nation's depressed tenth; for far too long the children living in country districts in counties like Bucks have been condemned to these shabby educational slums.

Dorney Reach
Taplow

H. H. DORRELL

SIR,—I am one of the married women who, Judith Hubback states, 'should be urged to come forward' to do supply teaching in order to ease what is certainly an appalling shortage of staff in our schools today. I hold a London hons. degree in mathematics, and took the postgraduate course in education there. I taught for one year before I married and for two years afterwards. I felt that even though I could no longer face the strain of full-time teaching I owed it to the country—if I may use such a high-flown phrase—to continue at least part-time, especially in a subject like mine; so I applied for, and was given, a post at a girls' Technical High school for three days a week, thinking that I could render a service to the local authority by so doing.

I found, however, that for the first term I was hardly more than a glorified prefect. I took the classes of staff who were away, but could teach them nothing as I was assured that Miss X would want to 'do' every topic I suggested in her own way when she returned, and the girls would become confused. The constant instruction was that I should carry on with what they had been doing with Miss X—which for some reason would *not* confuse them. No wonder the poor children were bored. Most of the second term was spent revising for the examinations (which began in the sixth week) with girls whom I had never seen before, and whose constant cry was 'We didn't do it this way before.' Needless to say the examination results were very poor.

This differing approach to topics is one great difficulty of supply teaching. Another is this. In mathematics, the brighter pupils have five or, better, six periods a week allotted to the subject. Quite obviously, then, if a member of staff is only in school three days a week she cannot take the brighter sets, and is left with those who try hard and genuinely cannot understand a word—a really pathetic group this—and those who are determined not to do a stroke of work or make any attempt to understand—and these are a menace.

The pay for supply teaching is fairly good, being on a *pro rata* basis and related to the corresponding point on the Burnham scale. But it is not sufficiently high to attract any but those dedicated teachers who would teach whatever the salary, and gladly face the slackness, insolence, and off-handedness which seem to be the main factors in the personalities of many schoolgirls today. I have no solution to offer. Perhaps there is none. I am, however, convinced from my experience that the answer is not an extension of the supply teaching system. In very few cases does it work satisfactorily.

DISILLUSIONED

SIR,—Student teachers, exhorted to go and teach in Secondary Modern schools, are told that there they will find a child, not studious certainly, but 'handminded'. This phrase is intended to emphasise that one child is not to be considered as 'better' than another, simply 'different'. But it has the more precise implication that, if a child has failed his 11-plus, he will probably be good with his hands. Here the nonsense begins. Note, first, the unconscious snobbery. Then remember, what any handcraft teacher will confirm, that, other things being equal, the form which is good with its hands is the form which is good with its brains too. The fact is that if a child has failed his 11-plus he is probably stupider, or lazier, or both, than the child who has passed. Socialists don't quite like to say this because it seems to imply second-class citizenship. But a human being has his citizenship, not in virtue of his attainments, but in virtue of his mere humanity. Socialists have a natural feeling that 'mere humanity' is a precarious base from which to resist the attacks of the oligarchs; hence their desire to find some less abstract sort of equality. But there is none.

The Secondary Modern schools have failed totally to provide a new kind of education for the child who failed to get into the Grammar school—for that speaking plainly is the mode of selection. This being so, the Comprehensive school is a paper solution only; for the bare fact of a large school with Grammar school streams running through it has no effect on what goes on in each single classroom. On the other hand, few would deny that there is at least some danger in it to the Grammar school sixth-form stream. I mean that these forms may lose their special style and *panache*; and it is this which enables children of ability from moneyless homes to compete on a footing of absolute equality with the sprigs of the upper class; and it is this which makes the Grammar school sixth the only wholly successful intrusion of democracy into the special reserves of the rulers. The very docility with which the enemy accepts the Comprehensive idea should make good Socialists thoughtful.

ROBERT BOLT

56 Butleigh
Glastonbury
Somerset

PRINCES OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—Episcopophobia is an ancient and time-honoured passion, perhaps voiced most eloquently by John Milton, who had a distaste for the whole Bench, for 'ever since their comming to the See of Canterbury, for near 1200 years they have been to our soules a sad and dolefull succession of illiterate and blind guides; to our purses and goods a wastfull band of robbers, to our state a continuall Hydra of mischiefe and molestation'. And in the end they shall lie in hell, 'the trample and spawn of all the other damned'.

Not even Mr Anthony Howard could say fairer than that. Indeed, his assault is, in comparison, mild. But, like his great predecessor, he has not hampered himself by pedantic accuracy. Had he studied his Crockford, he could not have said that few bishops have been parish priests. Actually, very nearly all have been. Again, he says that only two 20th-century bishops have 'chosen the barricades'. A vague phrase. But, if it means flouting majority or governmental opinion, he is entirely wrong. Archbishop Davidson, for instance, attempted during the general strike to broadcast a plea for settlement by conciliation, but was refused by the BBC's Director, who would not allow the Church's voice to be heard on that side. The bishops were at the barricades again in 1927, when they vainly tried to get a slightly revised Prayer Book past the resistance of a liturgically illiterate, mainly

non-Anglican, and stodgily conservative House of Commons, whose slogan was 'No change'. Apart from this (which Mr Howard, unless he happens to be a Prayer Book user, will regard as a trivial matter) bishops do fight, both publicly and privately, and mainly (in these days; it was not always so) on the civilised and enlightened side, though admittedly they should fight oftener and harder, both against parliament and people; and very many Anglicans feel that the Church should be freed from the state.

As to the social gulf between them and vicars, after all bishops were vicars once. And would any vicar's wife, however non-U, be so reckless of her husband's career as to offer his visiting bishop 'shape'? If Mr Howard means to pursue his assault, he must really look more closely into the facts.

ROSE MACAULAY

Hinde Street, W1

SIR,—Anthony Howard's article was good knock-about stuff, entertaining to read and containing a few grains of truth, but it really won't do, you know. No one pretends that the calibre of most of the present occupants of the episcopal bench is all it ought to be. We certainly have too many 'safe' men. But a little research into *Who's Who* and a few clever cracks hardly provide an adequate basis for a serious analysis of the situation. People don't run quite as true to form and upbringing as Mr Howard would have us believe (thank heaven!), even when they are bishops. Two examples will serve as illustrations.

It is hard to imagine how anyone with any knowledge of the Anglican Church could, even by implication, place Leslie Hunter of Sheffield behind the battlements. The Sheffield Industrial Mission provides sufficient evidence of his wareness of the realities of the industrial situation as well as of his foresight. Yet if anyone could be said to have been born 'at the top', he could. The late Edward Wynn of Ely spent almost the whole of his adult life before his elevation to the bench in the rarefied atmosphere of Cambridge. Yet if there has been a bishop this century who has been more beloved by his parish clergy or better at understanding their problems, I have yet to hear of him.

What the Church needs most is men with ideas. We suffer far too much from bishops who possess mentalities better equipped to deal with the 1900s than with the 1950s. But it is naive to imagine that such insight is the preserve of men of any one particular class, however much we should like to think so. If Mr Howard really wants to offer constructive advice, and not merely to deliver a few kicks in the ribs, he should do better than this.

Lest anyone should think that I fancy the look of my legs in gaiters, or am on the look-out for a fat living, I beg leave to sign myself,

AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN

Sheffield

THE REGENT'S PARK SCHOOL

SIR,—Last month I visited Ghent, Bruges, The Hague and Amsterdam. I passed my time looking at the work of Van Eyck, Bosch, Memlinc, Vermeer, Rembrandt and Van Gogh. Home, I read Mr Sylvester's notice of the Regent's Park School as represented by Mr Congo and Miss Betsy, his American contemporary. Later I went to their exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. May I inquire if any of your readers would care to join with me in amassing a fund, the purpose of which shall be the prosecution of the organisers and the critics of this exhibition for fraud, or, if possible, common theft? Charges of stupidity and malice, though appropriate, are insufficient. To become effective both depend on a sense of shame; clearly, this sense is lacking in the accused. Humans have developed a need for art, which is no more arbitrary than their need for food, work and shelter. Nothing is easier than for one human to swindle another, particularly in æsthetic matters. We have tried to compensate for our ignorance by a system of laws. Inviting the public to buy objects called 'paintings' which are not paintings contravenes this system; and critics accepting these glandular urges as paintings are involved in collusion.

It is known that paintings, like all art objects, are human products. Because certain humans during the past 20 years have chosen to paint like psychotics, then like infants, and finally like animals, hardly justifies a prestige organisation in selling the reflex twitching of apes at ten guineas a throw; even though—as the ICA tell me—the cash will buy Mr Congo a wife.

No, no, this is not a joking matter. These humans are serious. My letter is expletive, I know; one cannot enjoy the tacit defeat of a facetious or cynic irony, when faced by such behaviour; while to grant that a controversy exists would be to admit the possibility that these humans are sensible. The catalogue, written by a Mr Morris, implies that the ape knows what he does; that the ape's actions are disinterested; that the ape can abstract mentally. No doubt there are humans with sentimentality gross enough to support this credulous attitude. They will cite the mathematical horse, 'Friendly', who lives in Denmark; 'Homer', the talking mongoose, or the dancing Albatross, or . . . but there are dozens of false corollaries. What about Mr Congo's patterns?—they ask. Tie a cobweb dipped in toffee round a budgerigar's leg, flip the bird a peanut, and the wee darlin' will make patterns all down your dickey. Sell that dickey as a work of art and you're a fraud. Discover mysteries based on the dexterity of an ape's paw, and you're a fool. An elephant's trunk is no less deft; and with a lump of chalk, a keeper, and a bath bun, Mr Jumbo might turn out a pretty thing or two. Indeed, if a circus sold these daubs there would be no difference. But the Institute of Contemporary Arts. . . ?

Greatly disturbed by the exhibition I went up to the Regent's Park studio and asked permission to interview Mr Congo. He made me wait a couple of hours while he chatted with his dealer in the warm afternoon sun. Finally, scratching his little old bottom, he waddled towards me, smiling. I had prepared but two questions. 'Mr Congo, are you Committed?' I asked. 'Certainly not', he answered, and quick as a flash continued: 'What about the tanks in Hungary, eh?' And he held his head between his hands; 'Sometimes I think the earth is a savage mother who wants to get rid of her human fleas.' My second question concerned the slaughter of the Jews. 'I regard that as superfluous action,' Mr Congo replied; 'Hitler was a good guy gone wrong. He didn't kill Jews because he didn't like them. He killed them because he was a painter and the Jewish picture dealers never wanted to buy any of his paintings.'

Silent, I went away.

'Man', said Charley the raven as I walked out, 'whaddya expect from apes?'

CHRISTOPHER—*the human of Notting Hill*

18 Denbigh Close W1

SIR,—I have wanted not to write this letter, but I find I feel too strongly that something is very wrong with the exhibition for a month of the 'art' of two chimpanzees. I do not see that it is the job of a serious art gallery to lend itself to an undergraduate joke—for a month. I know many young artists who work seriously and who are starved for an exhibition because there is no room in London's galleries. Art critics cannot get around all the shows they must report. Has not this gallery lent itself to a gesture contemptuous of modern art and artists, of what art and artists strive for? One might define art, as a young French sculptor recently did, as 'the essential characteristic which differs animal from man'.

As an example of the contempt I speak of, the caption of a photo in an illustrated weekly states: 'Congo's paintings . . . are thought to compare favourably with those of some human "abstractionists".' The essence of an animal's activities is surely that they are *not* ruled by consecutive thought as we understand thought. Incidentally the performance of the critics in this instance reminds me of your own 'This England': (last item in 5 October issue):

'A Portsmouth man believes he has found the way to talk to hedgehogs—although he does not know the meaning of what he says to them.'

ELLA WINTER

103 Frognal, NW3

What You Say, How You Say It, Can Make You More Popular And Successful

A well-known publisher reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and professional advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence, and greater popularity. The details of this method are described in a fascinating booklet, "Adventures in Conversation," sent free on request.

According to this publisher, many people do not realise how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint more readers of this paper with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a 24-page booklet which will be sent free to anyone who requests it. The address is: Conversation Studies (Dept. NSN/CS11), Marple, Cheshire.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Mid-Century Blues

HERE are two images of contemporary England – one dramatic, the other fictional, the allegorical clown's-eye-view and the quick medical runover from a practised hand*. Mr Osborne's play, now published in book-form, is every bit as disturbing, powerful, sketchy and unresolved a piece of writing as when we saw it at the Palace. Is it only that the text echoes Sir Laurence's mad, macabre, randy patter, that it is the long-playing disc of a great performance? I don't think so. I believe that *The Entertainer* – the play itself, Sir Laurence's Archie Rice, and, above all, the audience – is a genuine piece of twentieth-century folk-art, a grotesque cry of rage and pain at the bad hand history is dealing out to what was once the largest, most prosperous empire in the world. Mr Osborne is on record – in this month's *Encounter* – as being a Socialist and a progressive by choice. (His jeers at our new Byzantinism – the insane cult of Royalty, hatched by a mentally moth-eaten Palace entourage and blown up into a giant octopus by Fleet Street – are the sharpest we have heard yet.) Still, I would suggest that his gifts are essentially atavistic. Archie's jingo-Pagliacci descant ('Number One's the only one for me!' etc.) hits off a whole complex of feelings that grew up around the events of last October. Whatever prog (as opposed to top) people may say about the Suez war, the fact remains that among the vast un-prog, un-top masses up and down the country, the general feeling was one of frustrated fury that the operation failed – that 'the Wogs didn't take a beating'. The cruel self-mocking laughter – a kind of laughter that I have never heard before from an English audience – that greets Archie's jibes night after night at the Palace, is the measure of how well Mr Osborne has hit this mood of national impotence. The particular noise it makes – the sound of the British upper middle-classes baying for their broken past – argues unpleasantly for the future.

Like most men of the theatre, Mr Osborne is at heart a sentimentalist – as much of one in his way as Mr Coward himself. Indeed, you might almost describe *The Entertainer* as *Cavalcade* turned inside-out. Mr Coward's play has its own niche in theatrical history: it gave a dramatic focus to the National Government. When Mary Clare lifted her champagne glass to 'the hope that one day this country of ours . . . will find dignity and greatness and peace again', she was ushering in the age of Ramsay MacDonald. 'The visions', Mr Coward's stage directions end,

> are repeated quicker and quicker, while across the darkness runs a Riley light sign spelling out news. Noise grows louder and louder. Steam rivets, loudspeakers, jazz bands, aeroplane propellers, etc., until the general effect is complete chaos. Suddenly it all fades into darkness and silence and away at the back a Union Jack glows through the blackness.

Mr Osborne takes up the Twentieth-Century Blues from the point where Mr Coward left off. But this time there is no Union Jack glowing through our time of troubles. Instead we have 'Rock-'n'-Roll. Nude tableaux, behind fine art gauze. Britannia.' 'What about her, eh,' leers Archie, 'Madam with the helmet on? I reckon she's sagging a bit, if you ask me. She needs some beef putting into her, the roast beef of Old England'. Lush, phoney, stinking with false class unity in 1931, cynical, bitter and defeatist in 1957 – each play perfectly catches the political note of its period.

The Entertainer is not so much a morality as a threnody – a lament for that warm, porty, mythical Home-and-Beauty that Mr Osborne conjures up so vividly in his article and which he embodies in the person of Archie's father, Billie Rice – an Edwardian old 'un of the type that Orwell pictured in *1984*. Billie's is the world of everybody's grandfather, with income tax at one-and-three and coal at 7s. the ton. You can find it admirably summarised in Mr Leslie Baily's scrapbook† – a mine of period information that tells you (with a wealth of Ricean music-hall reference) all about Lady Harburton's fight for the bicycle-bloomer and what Fr Bernard Vaughan said about Epstein. Just this – not implementing the Wolfenden Report, abolishing the death penalty or banning the H-Bomb – is what Mr Osborne's art is really about. He is a dramatist, concerned to harrow us with pity, love and the vanished past, not a journalist or even a descriptive writer. This explains the heap of improbabilities, untied ends and social *non-sequiturs* in both his plays. The Rices transcend reality because they are more than a family of gin-glugging 'pros'. They are the whole of a dying England or, as Archie puts it, 'characters out of something that nobody believes in'. Contemplating Suez and the damage it has done our national morale (not to speak of its devastating long-term effect on political morals) Mr Osborne can only cry 'stinking fish!' in a gifted and highly original manner, leaving it to patient neo-liberals of an older generation, like Mr Angus Wilson, to pick up the pieces.

Mr Osborne is a virulent and biting nostalgic: Mr Wilson is the great imaginative neurologist of our generation. In his novels and short stories he has already assembled a vast Tavistock Clinic of characters and he is continually opening new wards as the contemporary divisions, *malaises* and muddled attitudes of his fellow-countrymen pile up, shifting, combining or diverging in fresh patterns of behaviour. His publisher rightly insists that, just as *The Wrong Set* and *Such Darling Dodos* dealt with the period between the wars, so this new collection of stories 'is concerned with the post-1945 era'. The last decade has given Mr Wilson a good deal to think about and he is up to every twist of the Anglo-Saxon wheel: a Proustian in a duffle coat, he revels in each complicated nuance of the welfare state. Out they come, wriggling, the whole miserable bag of tricks, pretensions and petty cruelties that hedge us round, the smirched memories and botched relationships, the guilty techniques by which we make our daily stab at living. There is the paranoid spiv, with his skin-tight jeans and lacquered hair-do, bashing in the face of the dotty ex-colonel at 1 a.m. on Hampstead Heath; there is the large, gruff Anglican maiden lady of faintly Lesbian tendencies, who reads a page of *The Cloud Unknowing* and sips a milk-and-whisky before taking to her lonely bed; there is the middle-aged publisher's ruthless young wife and her lover, the romantic con-man (Bond style); there is the tough old Jewish matriarch and her shy, chivalrous grandson (rich, and for this writer, affectionate characterisation here); almost every character is quite different from any type that Mr Wilson has described before; each has the vividness that comes from acute personal observation.

None of these stories is better than anything Mr Wilson has done previously and none of them is as good as his very best – 'Totentanz', 'The Wrong Set' or 'Et Dona Ferentes'. Yet they show such amplitude, spontaneity and will to experiment that one hopes that their author will continue to make use of this medium. Personally, I am not among those who would prefer Mr Wilson to stick to the short story and eschew the novel; I believe that he is one of the few English writers living with sufficient energy and moral seriousness to re-vitalise the great tradition. *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* was a great improvement on *Hemlock and After* and I have no doubt that Mr Wilson's next novel will be even better than its predecessor. Having taken to writing comparatively late in life, he has shown an extraordinary capacity for development – particularly the development of character along an inner moral line. The hard, mimic brilliance of his earlier portraits – what the popular press called his 'wickedly satirical' manner – has softened and deepened wonderfully in the last ten years. He is no longer concerned to make his characters writhe for our delight; rather, he is bent on making us understand the full nature of their torment. And I doubt whether this change of intention could have been worked so successfully, had Mr Wilson not made an assault on the full-scale novel.

Yet the fact remains that he can gain certain effects by means of the short story that it is impossible to obtain just as well in any other way. For example, take what might be called his 'party pieces' – a carefully built-up state of whoopee that culminates in sinister all-round disaster ('Master Charles is over-exciting himself: there'll be tears before bedtime!'). Both the novels contain this kind of climax, but in both cases the firing-point appears oddly contrived (far more so in *Hemlock* than in its successor). But in 'Totentanz' Mr Wilson brought it off brilliantly, and in the title story of this new book he does it again. The unspeakable Kennie the teddy-boy, Mr Tristram Fleet, the eminent literary critic, and 'the Crowd' – a gang of espresso Outsiders, all too horribly drawn from life, each armed with a bottle of red wine – converge on Miss Clara Turnbull-Henderson's hospitable Highgate doorstep. Trouble is not long in arriving.

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* *The Entertainer*. By JOHN OSBORNE. *Faber*. 10s. 6d.
A Bit Off the Map. By ANGUS WILSON. *Secker & Warburg*. 13s. 6d.

† *Scrapbook 1900-1914*. By LESLIE BAILY. *Muller*. 30s.

★*Thrilling*

As Far as my Feet will Carry me

J. M. BAUER tells the story of Clemens Forell: a true story of adventure and endurance in the wilds of Siberia which leaves the reader at first incredulous, then awestruck at what a man alone can achieve if he has to. *Monday.* 15/-

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DAVID HUGHES. A first novel which charts the rediscovery of contentment by a man whom "success" has damaged. *Monday.* 11/6

★*Sense*

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The Language Library

Edited by Eric Partridge. *Early English* by John W. Clark (15/-), October 14. *Modern Linguistics* by Simeon Potter (12/6), November 11. The series includes *The Words we Use*, by J. A. Sheard (21/-), *The Pattern of English* (15/-), *Good English: How to Write it* (15/-), *Better English* (15/-), and *Spelling* (12/6) by G. H. Vallins.

A BALANCED LIST

★*The Spirit*

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Edited by John Press. An anthology of English poems from the 16th century to the present, which has been appearing in the *Sunday Times*. *November* 11. 10/6

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

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★*Gay*

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A Child in Chile

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How can you Bear to be Human?

NICOLAS BENTLEY. "A very funny, very clever book." *Sunday Times.* "In a world in which very few can either write or draw extremely well, it seems most unfair that the gods should bestow both these gifts on one person . . . If it's laughter you're after . . ." *Yorkshire Evening Press.* 12/6

The Pick of Punch

Edited by Nicolas Bentley. "A perfect book to lay in store for Christmas presents." *Eastern Daily Press.* "Well up to standard; the cream is so deftly skimmed . . . For good measure, the present volume has an introduction by P. G. Wodehouse." Iocelyn Brooke, *Time & Tide.* 18/-

Of course, there is plenty of the usual dead-pan frightfulness at its frightful best. But one returns to what I can only call Mr Wilson's benevolence towards his creatures. It is a side of his art that I do not remember ever having seen discussed. I have described him as a 'neo-liberal' because it is not only in his moral perceptions that he is humane, but in his ideological perceptions also, and this, for an English novelist, is very rare indeed. Few writers of our time have shown such an interest in politics, religion or in current mythology; and none has shown ideologies acting themselves out in contemporary life. Yet it is just here that the richness of Mr Wilson's sympathies is most apparent. He really believes in attitudes – though the whole tradition of the English novel, with its unvoiced doctrine of the plain heart, is against him. For him the Labour housewife, the convert priss, the anxious freemason, the ex-lag with the old school tie, the Toc H Pauline, each have something of the peculiar values of their ideal – even though such values are engendered stupidly, mechanically, disciplinarily or out of habit. It is the one great heartening paradox of his work. Mr Wilson believes in a multi-ideological society – a society in which each of the creeds, professionalisms and social techniques in which contemporary men and women cabin themselves, repay an objective moral dividend. As a liberal, he must tolerate all but those dangerous to the community; as an artist, he would be loath to surrender the ugliest of them.

JOHN RAYMOND

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ELEK BOOKS

The Newcomer

I saw her on the pavement's edge
not timid, half-smiling at the crowd
that tumbled round; she did not budge;
only her eyes moved.

A dusky little muzzle like some pretty
small animal crept from a sun-spotted
thicket by mistake to this grey city.

African maybe, no, West Indian.
Just stumbled out of childhood staring
into the absolutely unforeseen,
utterly unfearing.

I never thought before
so quicksilver a wisp could stay so still
so separate, until
what I wished not to see I saw—
her small cat-life was maimed and hobbled,
she leant on crutches, the girl was crippled.

Three times a loser then.
Her childhood lost, and nothing else begun;
Lost too the Caribbean sun;
and half her proper strength and lightness gone.

Yet in her face among that grey-faced crowd
the three lost suns still glowed.

GRAHAM HOUGH

Anglo-Arab Attitudes

A Soldier with the Arabs. By SIR JOHN BAGOT GLUBB. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 25s.

Apparently Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb, K.C.B., C.M.G., is the only living person who does not yet realise why Glubb Pasha was kicked out of Jordan. Yet the reasons why King Hussein dispensed with his devoted services leap out of almost every sentence of *A Soldier with the Arabs*. On page one of this hastily written but fascinating autobiography, Glubb tells us that, on the day he accepted his appointment as Commander of the Arab Legion in April, 1939, King Abdullah asked him to pledge his word always to act as if he had been born a Transjordanian. To this he replied, 'Sir, I give you my word of honour'. I am sure that Glubb believed and still believes that this promise changed him from a British officer into an Anglo-Arab servant of the Hashemite dynasty. But no one else did. How could anyone – Arab, Jew or British – regard this transference of loyalty as anything but a fiction?

There was nothing genuinely Arab about the State of Transjordan. It was an artifact of British indirect colonialism, a slice of mountain and desert, inhabited by a few hundred thousand Bedouin and poor fellaheen. These Transjordanians were united by nothing except their ever increasing dependence on a British subsidy; and the size of the subsidy depended on the advice of Glubb Pasha and his civilian colleague, Alec Kirkbride – two Anglo-Arabs in control of a British protectorate.

There is a common delusion—I shared it before reading this book – that the Arab Legion was created by Peake Pasha between the wars. Actually, when Glubb took over, it consisted of a thousand civil policemen and exactly 350 soldiers – the only Arabs who fought on the British side when Rashid Ali's *coup d'état* took place in Iraq in 1941. By 1945 the Legion had grown to 8,000 men, but many of them were demobilised after the German surrender. In 1948, when the Arab States invaded Palestine, the units available to take part in the campaign were four mechanised regiments and two 25-pounder batteries – 4,500 men in all.

The Legion fought far better than any other Arab army. Unfortunately, however, it became only too clear that its strategy was as British as the officers who planned the operations and gave the orders. That strategy, in fact, was dictated by Ernest Bevin – who also controlled the flow of ammunition. The Arab world observed quite unfairly that Lydda and Ramleh were surrendered to the Israeli almost without a struggle, and that no effort was made to relieve the pressure on the Egyptians when the Israeli launched their offensive against Beersheba. Finally, soon after the fighting was over, it became known that a secret agreement had been signed between Abdullah and Ben Gurion, under which the Israeli gained a strategically vital strip of territory all along the frontier of what is now the Arab triangle. The job of the Legion, in fact, had been to grab what it could of Palestine for Mr Bevin and incorporate it in the last British protectorate in the Middle East. No wonder Abdullah was soon murdered by an Arab nationalist. No wonder Glubb – who had the misfortune to remain in Amman when Kirkbride moved to Libya – became the most hated Englishman in the Middle East.

Ironically enough, although the combination of Glubb's military prowess and Bevin's diplomatic sleight of hand doubled the size of Jordan, they also sealed its fate. For the incorporation of a million sophisticated Palestinians made the new Kingdom of Jordan the most volatile and anti-British State in the whole Arab world. Glubb, who likes his Arabs primitive, never began to understand the educated Palestinians of the west bank. Moreover, the Foreign Office, by one of its characteristic strokes of higher lunacy, chose this moment to destroy the Royal autocracy on which Glubb's power depended. A modern democratic constitution was conceded to Jordan, which the disloyal Palestinians could and the loyal Bedouin could not exploit. Simultaneously, although it was obvious that the Legion was becoming fiercely anti-British, it was rapidly expanded until it was costing us £10,000,000 a year.

So we come to the final fiasco of Christmas, 1955. King Hussein and his Premier let it be known that they were willing to sign the Baghdad Pact in return for an even bigger subsidy to pay for another mechanised division and an even larger air force. They also insisted that all British officers should be withdrawn within a matter of months. General Templer flew out to Amman to sign the cheque for Danegeld. But it was too late. The Palestinians, stimulated by Colonel Nasser, were not prepared to join the Baghdad Pact – on any terms, however favourable – and the last pro-British Government of Jordan was overthrown by the mob.

It would be pleasant to state that this disastrous episode in British imperial history has been told with dignity and compassion by the man who was so personally responsible for it. In his *Story of the Arab Legion*, General Glubb showed that he could write with detachment and distinction about the Bedouin he loves. Alas, *A Soldier with the Arabs* is a quite unworthy sequel. The objectivity of the previous volume has vanished and with it any distinction of style. This is a floppy, self-pitying apologia, in which the author blames everybody in Jordan and London except himself and Sir Alec Kirkbride. Moreover, it is marred by a malignant misrepresentation of the Israeli record, which could hardly be excused if it had been perpetrated by a real Arab. Each time I saw Glubb Pasha at work in Amman, my respect for

him increased. This misleading and sensational product of his retirement will not add to his reputation. It is a pity he wrote it.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Why Roarer?

The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined. By WILLIAM F. FRIEDMAN and ELIZEBETH S. FRIEDMAN. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

The authors of this book are top-ranking professional cryptologists. It was Mr Friedman who, as head of the US Army cryptanalytic bureau, cracked the Japanese Purple Code. It is Mrs Friedman who has provided the International Monetary Fund with its system of secret communications. Naturally they can make rings round the most devoted amateurs. Thus when Mr Edward D. Johnson tackled the poem 'To the Reader' underneath the Droeshout portrait of Shakespeare at the beginning of the First Folio, what he got out of it was FR BACON AUTHOR AUTHOR AUTHOR. Which isn't bad. But the Friedmans, using Johnson's precise method, get 'No kidding, Francis Bacon: *I* wrote these plaies! – Shakespeare'. For that matter, they also get 'No kidding! I, Francis Bacon wrote these Shakespeare plaies'.

Most of the amateurs get messages which require a certain amount of cobbling up before they become precisely lucid. Thus from the verses on Shakespeare's tomb one Hugh Black got

FRA BA WRYT EAR. AA! SHAXPERE
FRA BA WRT EAR. HZQ AYA! – SHAXPERE
A! FRA BAQ WRYT HEAR AZ SHAXPERE.

This is indubitably
Francis Bacon wrote here. Aye, Aye. Shakespeare.
Francis Bacon wrote here. His cue. Aye aye.
Shakespeare.
Aye! Francis Bacon wrote here as Shakespeare.
But following another method Black got

SAEHABEBNRALRIALARP

which yielded the promising

SHAQ PERE ALL NARA HERE A! I OBAY BA.

The final stage, however, produced 'Jacques Pierre [Shakespeare] all narrated here: Aye! I obey (his wishes). Bacon'. This is disappointing. Bacon is clearly addressing us. But an undeniable haziness attends his message, here as elsewhere. I like (again from the tomb) 'Shaxpere Ate Francis Bacon. Why Roarer!' But *why* 'Why Roarer!'? I can find no answer to this one.

There is a rational basis to all these strange and alarming labours. Cryptology was abundantly used in the sixteenth century; at least in the form of acrostics and the like it even crept into some literary productions. And Francis Bacon took a vigorous interest in it. 'The vertues of cyphars,' he wrote in the *Advancement of Learning*, 'whereby they are to be preferred are three: that they be not laborious to write and reade; that they be impossible to decypher; and in some cases, that they be without suspicion.' And he himself invented a unique and admirable system. So if it is reasonable to conjecture that he may have written the plays it is reasonable to hunt in them for some place where he says so – most probably in his own bilateral cipher.

The pioneer was a Minnesotan, Ignatius Donnelly, who seems already to have believed on other grounds in Bacon's authorship, and who was naturally excited when, chancing to open *Every Boy's Book* – the property of one of his children – he came on the wonderful discovery that his hero had been a cryptologist. But although the bilateral cipher is not at all hard to understand Donnelly never understood it, and his own resulting work, the 998-page *Great Cryptogram* published in 1888, is demonstrable nonsense. As well as being interested in Bacon, Donnelly was interested in Atlantis. Another anti-Stratfordian, Dr Owen, who persuaded the Duke of Beaufort to permit large excavations at Chepstow Castle ('It was for gentle Shakespeare cut' can be anagrammed as 'Seek, sir, a true angle at Chepstow.—F.'), was eventually troubled with visitations of Bacon's spirit, and had earlier invented a machine to defy gravity. But although all the cipher seekers have (in the Friedmans' judgment) laboured in vain, not all have been crazed or even stupid. With the most pertinacious of the lot, the late Elizabeth Wells Gallup, Mr and Mrs Friedman actually lived and worked. They found her honest, learned and intelligent. Subsidised by an eccentric American, Colonel George Fabyan (who had also financed the excavations of Dr Owen), she toiled selflessly for more than twenty years at spinning an interminable cobweb of senseless decipherments. There is something inescapably macabre about Mr and Mrs Friedman's book. But it is highly entertaining. And although lethal it is humane.

J. I. M. STEWART

The *Outline of Literature*, originally edited by John Drinkwater, and the *Outline of Art*, by Sir William Orpen, were drastically revised by Horace Shipp in 1950 and have now appeared, under the same editor, with further revisions (Newnes, 42s. each). New Everyman volumes (Dent) are: James's *Turn of the Screw* and *Aspern Papers* and Lytton's *Last Days of Pompeii* (7s. each); Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, and the *Aeneid*, translated by Michael Oakley, introduced by E. M. Forster (8s. 6d. each).

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The Amiable Monster

Who Governs Britain? Special Number of *The Twentieth Century*. 2*s*. 6*d*.

Forty-five years ago, Belloc prophesied the arrival of Big Government in *The Servile State*. Now we have got it, but it is not quite so fearsome after all. A monster it certainly is, but a well-meaning monster, devoting its energies to looking after us; a gigantic and impersonal nanny, irritating, arbitrary and even partial, but crackling with the starched linen of righteousness. Belloc was wrong in another respect. He saw the monster as alien. In fact, we ourselves form the monster's tissues and sinews. Lenin's 'Who, Whom' is out of date. All of us govern; all are governed. Of course, some do rather more of the governing than others; and this is the question that the *Twentieth Century*'s special number should have answered – where do the inequalities of power lie? It fails to do so, mainly I think because it sets about it in such an amateurish way. Only two of its 15 contributors have had any experience of the institutional machinery which produces these inequalities. A cartoonist writes on the City; two literary critics give us their views on the power elite, while a staircase of dons hold forth on everything from trade unions to local government. There are far too many arbitrary generalisations, of the sort made by intelligent people whose knowledge of power is confined to what they read in the papers; and much pontification on the Establishment – or what Mr A. J. P. Taylor calls the Thing. In a typical contribution, Mr Taylor, the Godfrey Winn of the Left, tells us:

> [Lloyd George] was beyond question the greatest political genius of his time, incomparable alike in peace and war. He had every quality except conformity. The Thing turned to him in the desperate circumstances of 1916. Once the crisis was past it hunted him from power.

In fact, Lloyd George was a virtual dictator for four years after the end of the war, and fell entirely as a result of his own folly. As Bonar Law said, he could have been Prime Minister for life if he'd wished. I doubt if Mr Taylor would allow one of his pupils to get away with this kind of thing in tutorial.

Many of the contributors quote Suez – though characteristically to prove diametrically opposed theories. But surprisingly none of them mentions what, I should have thought, was the chief significance of the incident: the evidence it provides of the decline in the ability of even the most successful politicians to take personal decisions. In the last 100 years, the powers of government have vastly increased, but so has the number of people who exercise them. Acts of policy are now decided by the interplay of thousands of conflicting interest groups, and cabinet ministers are little more than chairmen of arbitration committees. Their opinions play virtually no part in shaping decisions which they subsequently defend with passion. When Churchill returned to power in 1951, his chief desire was to abolish Zebra Crossings, but he failed to get his way even in this. In the 19th century, the greatest political battles were fought to change the opinions of powerful statesmen. The struggle for Peel's mind in 1845, Gladstone's solitary conversion to Home Rule while chopping wood at Hawarden – these were events which changed history. But who today cares what Attlee, Macmillan or Gaitskell think about anything? Mr Bevan's recent somersault on the H-bomb is a reminder that nowadays even the most opinionated statesman must jettison his dearest beliefs to secure office. Eden's mistake was to attempt to reject the entire trend of the past century by taking a major decision simply because he believed it was the right one. Within a week he was forced to repudiate it, and two months later he left public life. When everyone's wishes count, nobody's opinions matter. It is often said that the modern state, like the prehistoric monsters, has a large body and a tiny brain. Wrong: it has no brain at all, merely a public opinion poll.

PAUL JOHNSON

Not My Horace

Horace. By EDUARD FRAENKEL. *Oxford*. 55*s*.

The general reader with an interest in Latin poetry had come to feel that dons were on his side. Such books as W. F. Jackson Knight's *Roman Vergil*, G. F. Highet's *Juvenal the Satirist*, L. P. Wilkinson's *Ovid Recalled*, carried the weight of their authors' contribution to scholarship but were conceived as celebrations of the whole excellence of a poet. Professor Fraenkel takes it for granted that his readers will know Horace very well and that, as praise is not worth repeating, all that remains for him is to go through the poems, or most of them, to see what can correctly be said about them.

His commentary reads like a rebuke to the popularisers: quotations in five languages are extensive and rarely translated; academic feuds are brusquely pursued against the over-curious who seek to know what is not implied in the text, the unteachable who consider the State Odes less inspired than the others and the extinct who believe that poems have a single inspiration; odes that everyone likes are omitted from scrutiny or dismissed as 'a pretty little artifact'; denigration has an important place: '*O navis referent* is certainly not one of Horace's masterpieces, but without any illusion about its merits as a whole we shall strive to keep in mind and appreciate the felicitous touches in the detail.'

But *Aequam memento rebus in arduis Servare mentem*. Professor Fraenkel in his prodigiously learned way is devoted to Horace and offers a good deal to interest the cheerful but unlearned Horatian who is willing to swim out of his depth in this grey northern sea of profound scholarship. Chiefly we should be grateful for encouragement to enjoy the longer, less popular poems, the *Carmen Saeculare*, for example, or the Letter to Augustus. Professor Fraenkel's exposition of their architecture and analysis of the spirit and purpose of their composition are rewarding. This treatment can also improve our enjoyment of such favourites as the Journey to Brundisium, and the letter to Maecenas in which Horace refuses with such charming audacity to join his patron in Rome. But isn't there more here than 'a sincere and courageous message' made palatable to Maecenas by tactfully brilliant humour? The statement that Maecenas has made the poet rich *not* in totally disgusting ways hints at a burst of quick temper only just controlled.

The chapters on the Odes comprise a succession of subtle arguments built up from literary influences, textual criticism and the findings of other authorities. Though Professor Fraenkel plays the game of Scholar's Spillikins with unshakable skill, it would be most unfair to suggest that this is all he does. He is constantly aware of the value of the poetry and often successful in making it seem more desirable. As a sample of his power of persuasion I will cite this passage on *Quo me, Bacche, rapis?*, the ode in which Horace

TWO YOUNG WRITERS

Françoise Mallet-Joris (*aged 26*)

'Before long we may have to stop comparing her with Sagan and invoke the name of Balzac.'—LISTENER.

'By comparison, Sagan seems a simple St. Trinian's girl.'—MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.

Her second novel, THE RED ROOM, is again available
Her third novel, HOUSE OF LIES, is coming in January

Michael Hastings (*aged 20*)

Perhaps the most precocious literary talent since the war, Michael Hastings, who had already written two surprisingly adult plays at the age of 18, is a writer on whose future success we would be prepared to gamble very heavily.

His first novel, THE GAME, will be published on October 21

W. H. ALLEN

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speaks of his poetic excitement in praising the glory of Augustus:

> The idea of mortal danger being inseparable from a great creative effort is more than once expressed in Horace's poems. . . . The picture of Bacchic enthusiasm that Horace had received from the old poets is here transformed into a perfect picture of the creative artist. Horace's own task, the task of producing solemn Latin lyrics of an unprecedented kind . . . has become his fate.

These words also imply what I take to be Professor Fraenkel's two main purposes: to stress the inspiration and nobility of the State Odes, and to show the transformation of ancient themes into a poetry Horace felt was utterly, even dangerously, his own. This is nicely brought out in a comparison of Pindar's First Pythian and *Descende Coelo*; the first is an objective paean written for a society in which poetry was still a public activity, the second derives its force from the proof of the prophetic inspiration of this particular poet—hence the famous autobiographical verses, to which the professor endearingly restores the name of Horace's nurse, Pullia. This consciousness of being a dedicated spirit under divine protection is found in the Lalage ode, and in *Velox amoenum*: 'it is *his* field, *his* vineyard and *his* orchard that bear everything in plenty'.

Yet sometimes I have felt that the Professor is not writing about my Horace at all. He appears uninterested in the poet of friendship, hospitality and wine; for the poet of love he substitutes a determined writer of lyrics; for the melancholy of a wind-swept coast in the Archytas Ode he has a footnote on immaturity of style; and for many lines that soar into the mystery of pure poetry, utter silence.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

New Novels

The Wapshot Chronicle. By JOHN CHEEVER. *Gollancz*. 15*s*.

The Revelations of Dr Modesto. By ALAN HARRINGTON. *Deutsch*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

The Italian Wife. By EMYR HUMPHREYS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode*. 15*s*.

The Languages of Love. By CHRISTINE BROOKE-ROSE. *Secker & Warburg*. 15*s*.

Left to themselves, I am assured by a celebrated Roman novelist, the citizens of modern Rome would pull down the historic buildings of their fabulous city and very happily run up skyscrapers in their place. A sense of the past, in other words, depends largely on a sense of deprivation of the tangible evidence of its existence. Nowhere in the world are antiques more lovingly collected than in the United States. I have no doubt that much of the success of Mr Cheever's *The Wapshot Chronicle* stems from this. It may come as a surprise to English readers to learn that the equivalent of what might be called the Emett country survives in full proliferation of eccentricity within commuting distance of Boston; but there it is in Mr Cheever's novel. My complaint is that it is altogether too Emett; but it would be impossible to deny the brilliance of the book as a *tour-de-force*. It is at once a chronicle novel and an exercise in the picaresque. It was the chronicle part of it I preferred. The Wapshots are a very ancient New England family: one of them refused a decoration from General Washington himself. Through family letters, journals and the memoirs of Captain Leander Wapshot, the present head of the family, Mr Cheever produces an extraordinarily amusing burlesque of the New England tradition. As affectionate debunking it is splendid. The Wapshots were a race of sea captains sailing from ports like Salem and New Bedford, exactly like the forebears of Hawthorne, though memories of Hawthorne are best repressed while reading if the necessary illusion is to be retained.

Leander Wapshot also follows the sea, or more accurately, the river as far as the sea, for he's captain of a pleasure launch with a crew of one. He is a wonderful comic character, somewhat reminiscent of Simon Dedalus in his *panache* and the lavishness of his gestures, but much more lovingly rendered. The last words of the novel are his 'Advice to my sons'. It ends:

> Bathe in cold water every morning. Painful but exhilarating. Also reduces horniness. Have haircut once a week. Wear dark clothes after 6 p.m. Eat fresh fish for breakfast when available. Avoid kneeling in unheated stone churches. Ecclesiastical dampness causes prematurely grey hair. Fear tastes like a rusty knife and do not let her into your house. Courage tastes of blood. Stand up straight. Admire the world. Relish the love of a gentle woman. Trust in the Lord.

In fact, Leander steals the novel. It is on his sons Coverly and Moses, as they seek their fortunes in New York and Washington, that the burden of the picaresque falls, and they are rather too slight to sustain it, though Mr Cheever is admirably adept at inventing situations for them.

The Wapshot Chronicle comes to us accompanied by a full-throated chorus of praise. *The Revelations of Dr Modesto* has already attained the crowning glory: it is to be produced as a musical on Broadway. The hero, Hal Hingham, is an unsuccessful life insurance salesman in Boston who answers an advertisement guaranteeing a cure for unhappiness. He discovers the doctrine of Centralism: all men are average, but some are more average than others, and happiness and success go to the more average. So, for a brief spell, Hal attains happiness: he is all things to all men, the perfect man-in-the-crowd, and as such a wonderful seller of life insurance. And that means that he is no longer average but outstanding, and consequently doomed. *The Revelations of Dr Modesto* is an intelligent and amusing satire on American conformity, American advertising, salesmanship and public relations. It is also rather slight; it would have gained enormously by being more ambitious.

Coming from so good a novelist as Mr Humphreys, *The Italian Wife* is disappointing. It is essentially the story of the relations between an idealistic young man, his brutally successful father and his pathetic, neglected, loving young stepmother. Mr Humphreys essays the method James followed in *The Awkward Age*: 'A form all dramatic and scenic . . . with no going behind, no *telling about* the figures save by their own appearance and action. . .' The difficulty, as it seems to me, is that the method, as used by Mr Humphreys, forces us to take too much on trust. The drama is played out against a background of public affairs; the father, Richard Miller, is a magazine publisher who aspires to be the grey eminence of the Labour Party; but in fact we get no sense of him as a political power at all. The characters are disembodied voices and, Mr Humphreys not being strong on dialogue, insufficiently differentiated from one another. What was needed was much more of James's 'density of specification'.

If one wished to be unkind one might say that *The Languages of Love* was an account of fornication among the philologists: one hadn't realised that a passion for back-umlaut could lead to so much sleeping around. In fact, Miss Brooke-Rose's novel gains in strength from its specialised

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academic background: there is nothing like a judicious use of professional shop for giving a novel credibility, and the scenes in the purlieus of London University and among the book-stacks of the British Museum strike one as authentic. I have a feeling, though, that Miss Brooke-Rose was in two minds about the novel she intended to write. Her satire on the academic life and on literary journalism is neither hard enough nor sharp enough: one remembers, by contrast, the medievalists in *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. The real promise in this first novel is shown in the passages in which the author explores the experiences of her heroine, a young university lecturer on the verge of becoming a Roman Catholic, in sexual love.

WALTER ALLEN

Today's Stone Age Man

Visa to the Prehistoric World. By PIERRE D. GAISSEAU. *Muller.* 21*s.*

Since the first rough essays in tool-making, mankind has progressed at an uneven rate throughout the continents. If even early in the Ice Age Eastern Asia was lagging conspicuously behind Africa and Europe, with the ferment of civilisation the gap between the most progressive and the most backward cultures was bound to widen fast. From the technological point of view, at least, it has been at its greatest during this century when Bertrand Russell could meet a Stone Age medicine man, and spear-throwers are contemporary with inter-continental missiles. Now the gap must lessen again as the few tiny handfuls of primitive peoples missed by the currents of change are discovered, missionised and brought the more portable delights of western civilisation. The Duna territory, hidden high among the mountain ranges of New Guinea and unknown until 1954, is one of the very last of such pockets.

This was the goal of Pierre Gaisseau, a French journalist. It is a pity he chose such a catchpenny title for what is quite a straightforward piece of reporting. The title is made all the more irritating by the discovery that a visa of any kind is just what M. Gaisseau and his photographer companion failed to obtain: they made a secret dash into the Duna lands against the orders of the Australian administrators. For this reason, although M. Gaisseau is able to give a fairly full account of what he saw as far as the recently established government outpost of Tari, when he comes to the 'lost valley' of the Duna he is reporting an escapade rather than a serious expedition. Still, as the natives of the Tari region are very like their Duna neighbours and have not been long in contact with Whites, *Visa to the Prehistoric World* contains some striking impressions of the life of stone-using Papuans.

The blurb refers to 'a group of people living much as our ancestors must have done 20,000 or so years ago'. Yet, as the author himself makes clear, these tribesmen with their pig-keeping, careful cultivation of the sweet potato and use of the polished stone axe, are in a typically neolithic cultural stage. That is to say they approximate to our New Stone Age ancestors of four thousand years ago and not to the Old Stone Age hunters ten to twenty millennia more ancient. Will the time ever come when this kind of slovenly error appears as inexcusable as to write of the feudal system of the industrial age?

Although as a journalist M. Gaisseau omits information every anthropologist would consider essential, there is plenty of exciting material in his book. Particularly good are descriptions of salt-making, of an initiation ceremony and of funerary practices. A detail of special interest, because it is a thing which could leave no trace in any archæological record, is the use of a dark leaf filled with water as a looking glass. Evidently these Papuan societies are dominated by the masculine principle, the women doing all the work and leaving the men free to dress up, wage incessant war and conduct a prestige trade in shells. Indeed, the women are said to shave their own hair to make wigs for their menfolk as ornate and fanciful as any seen at Versailles.

It is always wrong to assume that societies which have remained economically static have not developed in other directions; nor is it right to equate one neolithic type of culture with another. Such reservations must be made, but there is no need to carry intellectual stringency to the point of masochism. These tribes in their fastnesses remote from all the revolutionary tides of the last seven thousand years must have much in common with the peoples of our own neolithic past, and it is truly marvellous for twentieth-century man to be able to establish contact with them. M. Gaisseau may be superficial, but he endured hardships and dangers to bring us a lively introduction to a most fascinating region.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Another Stevenson

Portrait of a Rebel: Robert Louis Stevenson. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. *Evans.* 21*s.*

What a pity that Mr Aldington didn't turn his attention to Stevenson thirty-five years ago! Those were the days when the hatchet-work in which he specialises would have been most useful. He could have hacked away then at the 'seraph in chocolate' (Henley's word for what the Stevensonians had made of Stevenson) and revealed bits, at least, of the authentic flinty character beneath. As it was, the debunking was performed most clumsily by J. A. Steuart, who in his two volumes in 1924 only succeeded in sloshing a bucket of rather thin mud over the chocolate. But today the situation has entirely changed. Colvin, Gosse, Lloyd Osbourne, Rosalind Masson are long since dead; there is no longer anyone with quite that vested interest in the chocolate seraph; writers on Stevenson need not now take sides. More facts have come to light as new Stevenson letters have appeared, and old ones have been freed from Colvin's mis-editing. Above all, there has been *Voyage to Windward*—the cool, comprehensive, authoritative biography by Mr J. C. Furnas, which Mr Aldington distinguishes in his Selected Book List as 'especially valuable'.

Mr Aldington does not attempt to add to Mr Furnas's book, nor does he strikingly differ from him on any major issue. What, then, remained for him to do? Simply to highlight certain aspects of the life: in particular, the professional or 'shop' side of Stevenson's career (habits of work, royalties, sales, reputation), and his slant towards rebellion and nonconformity, especially in his relations with his father. On the first topic Mr Aldington is always interesting, and the few things he says on Stevenson's relation with the reading public, and how he allowed his sense of its demands to cramp his treatment of women, are shrewd and apposite, and might well have been expanded. But sometimes when he is talking about Stevenson's success, it makes one wonder if Mr Aldington's biographical subjects haven't been chosen out of a rather exasperated sense of rivalry: what luck did D. H. Lawrence, T. E. Lawrence and R. L. Stevenson have that Richard Aldington didn't? Then he seems to go well off the mark when he says that Stevenson's public reputation was 'doctored' by his father and family and friends for sales reasons. That may well have been partly true of Fanny and Lloyd Osbourne: not at all of Thomas Stevenson.

But Mr Aldington is altogether at sea with the elder Stevenson, and gives the impression that he knew nothing of the whole Edinburgh-Victorian background till he read it up for this book. Thomas Stevenson was in some ways a dreadful father—though redeemed by his humour and boyish imagination from the full rigidity of a Philip Gosse or a Theobald Pontifex—but he is not to be understood in the light of such preconceptions of our own time as 'surely it was only an elementary human liberty for the young man to work out his own religion'. This makes Thomas Stevenson's attitude to his son's Spencerish agnosticism merely obstructive, and reduces the affair to a silly quarrel between generations, without dignity; the whole point is that the father was convinced his son would be damned if he didn't believe. He may have been hopelessly wrong: but he wasn't being trivial.

On the whole this is, for Mr Aldington, a tame book, apart from a few passing swipes at highbrows, at 'a certain school of "modern

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criticism"', and 'the Ant-hill State'. And it is carelessly written; I began to feel that if Mr Aldington used the phrases 'as happy as kings' (whose irony escapes him) or 'romance of destiny' once more, I should scream. And now, till more original material—such as a new and complete edition of the letters—makes it necessary to supplement Mr Furnas, let us have no more lives of Stevenson. The book that *is* needed is the critical appraisal of his stories: that will throw light on Stevenson's kind of imagination (his paper on Romance, a key document, isn't even mentioned here) and appraise the books in terms both of what he was aiming at and what he succeeded in doing; that will show how *Catriona* is a different kind of story from *Kidnapped*, *The Beach of Falesa* a different kind of South Sea tale from *The Ebb-Tide*. Stevenson was first and last a story-teller; but the interest of his case is to see how the story, which began as something to feed a boy's imagination, developed into a vehicle that at the end, in *Weir*, could take a full load of passion and tragedy.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Incommunicability

The Way of Zen. By ALAN W. WATTS. *Thames & Hudson.* 25*s.*

Zen Buddhism—a curious blend of Taoism and Mahayana Buddhism filtered through several centuries of Japanese culture—is said to be having an increasing vogue among Western intellectuals. Perhaps they hope it may provide a short-cut into, and out of, the Void. In this day and age when everybody plays with universal annihilation as though it were a toy and physicists talk perfectly seriously about the spontaneous creation of hydrogen, it might turn out to be just what the cosmic Doctor Pangloss ordered. Mr. Watts's book is certainly the most explicit and orderly account of it that has yet appeared in English. It adopts a more straightforward, historical approach than you will find in the various essays, agreeably written though these are, of Professor Suzuki.

Communicable or not, I seem to detect a distinct affinity between Zen and the philosophy of Hegel. Absolute reality, according to Hegel, forms one single harmonious system, wholly rational and wholly spiritual outside space and time, beyond good and evil. Any appearance to the contrary can be proved—by Hegelian logic—to be due to our limited and fragmentary view of the Universe—perhaps in the end to that most intractable of all contradictions, the contradiction between infinite and finite. This, or something not unlike it, appears to be the Zen Buddhist conception of the Universe, though if you were to suggest as much to a Zen master he would probably give you a smart cut with his bamboo staff and expel you from the Meditation Hall.

The theory is that sudden enlightenment, that awareness of the eternal Now, which is the secret of Zen, cannot be attained by intellection. Before you can intuit it you have to go into a strict form of training that includes solving a carefully graded series of metalogical dadaist conundrums. And when enlightenment does come there is no specious mystical ecstasy; the everyday world is almost precisely the same, if not indeed rather more so, in all its 'suchness' and 'thisness' and 'thatness' than before. The Japanese tell Europeans in Japan that the best way to understand Zen is to take up some exercise like archery or swordsmanship that is taught on Zen lines with a proper appreciation of the effortless effort and the artless art. (If there is a golf club at Kyoto the pro should be, *ipso facto*, a Zen Master.) This close connection with the physical world shows that Zen has its rational and materialist as well as its solipsist and idealist affiliations.

In the ethical department the picture is a trifle cloudy. Dr Benoit, a French psychiatrist who has tried in his book *The Supreme Doctrine* to construct a bridge between Zen and existentialism, implies that a Zen Buddhist is automatically lined up with the positive aspect of the universal process. Mr Watts and, rather less equivocally, Dr Suzuki, both say that traditional Buddhist compassion is inseparable from Zen. Westerners have raised suspicious eyebrows over its relation with Bushido and its alleged popularity with Japanese generals, but this is like condemning Christianity because your school chaplain was a sadist.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Shorter Reviews

Miss Howard and the Emperor. By SIMONE ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Collins.* 18*s.*

She was a courtesan, of course, but an English courtesan, immensely secretive and discreet. Miss Howard and Napoleon III had met in London when she was the mistress of a rich major and he a prince in exile. When he went back to France she followed him and for four years kept her place by devotion, tact, beauty and generous loans. But the Emperor's marriage in 1853 to the frigid Eugenia de Montijo meant Miss Howard's withdrawal to the huge mansion, nowadays fading, of Beauregard. Here she lived, quite withdrawn from society, for the last ten years of her life: entertaining a narrow choice of company—notably the fourth Lord Hertford, his brother Lord Henry Seymour (still famous as *Milord l'Arsouille*), and his son Richard Wallace (of the Collection); seeing little of her husband Clarence Trelawny, whom she had married to please the Emperor; spoiling her illegitimate son, Martin; and making one last spectacular appearance (in a puce silk gown, trimmed with sable but unadorned with jewels) at the Théâtre Italien to stare at the once-adored lover whom she could only with difficulty recognise. She died in 1865.

M. André Maurois is in no danger of being rivalled as biographer by his wife. The material was hardly sufficient to make a book, and has been padded out with brief lives of Miss Howard's friends. Of the atmosphere of the Second Empire, the black pearwood and the floral designs, the mother-of-pearl and the winter gardens, we get almost no feeling. Mme Maurois has made both hero and heroine sympathetic, and provided plenty of odd rewards, but she has not given her story coherence or tension. It is all rather like a pen-and-wash drawing by Guys, charming and superficial.

A. D.

All Rome Trembled. By MELTON S. DAVIS. *Barrie.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Unexplained tragedies are a perpetual joy to publishers; and there is enough mystery lurking in the Montesi affair to keep them happy for a long time to come. Within a week of Mr Wayland Young's judicious analysis of *The Montesi Scandal*, here comes Mr Davis putting forward an alternative and, as his title suggests, a more highly coloured version of that strange business. It is often tiresome when two books on the same subject crop up hard on each other's heels. The diffident reader, faced with a choice, decides to read neither. In this case, however, if at all interested in how Wilma Montesi lost her suspender-belt while drowning, he should read both. Whereas Mr Young concentrated on the evidence given at the two abortive trials, Mr Davis elaborates the background to the judicial proceedings.

Mr Davis's book lacks illustrations and is written in the slightly feverish style that characterises the professional journalist anxious about his deadline. He is also so absorbed in his subject that he assumes the

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ordinary reader knows more about the intricacies of Italian politics than is likely. (A check-list of the political affiliations of Italian newspapers, for instance, would come in handy.) But an extraordinary picture of righteous indignation spreading through an excitable people emerges from his 237 vivid pages. And in one respect he is braver than Mr Young, who felt unable out of fear of libel to reveal how the Communist attack on the morals of the Christian Democrats was check-mated.

For the scabrous details you are advised to consult Mr Davis. No one has yet been convicted in the Montesi case of anything worse than perjury, after all the hullabaloo. But there is one item of good news: Mr Davis assures us that Ugo Montagna, chief villain of the piece to date, is at last paying some income-tax. R. P.

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,441 **Set by Saturn**

'With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climbs't the skies!': the poets of Britain have never been behindhand in apostrophising the moon, and we expect our competitors to rise to the occasion and celebrate, in more jocund vein than Sidney, the new Russian moon. Limit, 14 lines (sonnets welcome, but not necessary). Entries by October 22.

Result of No. 1,438 **Set by Heliotrope**

One or two European countries have taken the initiative in providing their nationals with a code of recommended behaviour when travelling abroad. The usual prizes are offered for a set of hints (limit, 150 words) for British travellers visiting one of the following: Lesbos, Mars, Lilliput, Sybaris, Thelema, Erewhon, or Shangri-La.

Report

Lilliput was the most popular new centre, and we quote a few of its most important rules:

> Leave vanity behind when you embark for Lilliput. Your minor blemishes will fill the vision of your hosts, whose eyes cannot encompass your full self. (R. Balaam.)

> Conduct yourself with dignity. The Lilliputian disdains the traveller who, in order to obtain a cheap holiday, lets out his person for mystery tours for Lilliputians. (P. W. R. Foot.)

Granville Garley's Appendix of non-U Words and Phrases for Shangri-La included 'hearse; heaven; James Hilton; lotus-eaters; obituary; on the club . . .'; and E. C. Jenkins tells us that in Erewhon 'The following are considered dirty words: progress, poverty, genius, independence, automation.' Hilary Evans warned visitors to the Erewhon Music Festival 'not to expect similar fare to that of Aldeburgh or even Bayreuth: the prevailing mode – gongs beaten at random – is not to every taste'. And for Mars –

> Air is strictly rationed. Avoid ostentatious usage of your tourist allowance on, *e.g.*, public speeches, smoking, cricket. (J. A. R. Pimlott.)

A prize of three guineas to Gloria Prince, two guineas to Margaret Dunnett and one guinea to Bevis. Runners-up: Xico, Phyllis Aykroyd, Annie Allen, Stanley J. Sharpless, Dan Hazlewood and G. J. Blundell.

EREWHON

Never ask after an Erewhonian's health. Correct is: 'How's your temper, Mr Ybbarc?' or 'Quite got over yesterday's fit of grumps, have you?'

Conceal ailments and misfortunes: at most, say you have the socks'. If you are pregnant or born, don't show it – indeed, living is held to be a capital offence – but confess any criminal tendencies, consult a 'straightener', and let him hammer out your moral kinks

You may take a pipe, whether tobacco or Arcadian; but leave behind all grandfather clocks, egg-beaters, tape-recorders, lawn-mowers, Hornby trains, steam-driven back-scratchers and washing-machines.

Open an account at the local Musical Bank; but tip the officials with real money.

Learn *This England* by heart every week. This may save you from the awful fate of being sent permanently to the Hospital for Incurable Bores.

Naturally blond hair means high social status. *Hide the bleach.*

GLORIA PRINCE

THELEMA

The following hints may serve as a guide to whether you would like Thelema (and, *far* more important, whether Thelema would tolerate you).

1. If, as an infant, you were fed 'on demand', you may have that carefree personality so dear to the Thelemites. If fed by the clock, you may be clock-minded, anxiety-ridden, neurotic. The Thelemites punish such people by deportation.

2. If your parents are enlightened, your school co-educational, your ideas progressive, you will understand the Thelemites. Those of you with Public School, Grammar or Secondary Modern backgrounds may find difficulty in 'getting to know' them.

3. Clothes are important. Those favoured by Teddy-boys and Teen-agers are suitable. Do not wear scholastic gowns, tweed costumes, school hats. Also avoid black.

4. Certain professions are taboo. Discard your brief case, clerical collar, police truncheon and most of your money, before entering the gates of Thelema.

MARGARET DUNNETT

LESBOS

This is going to be an excitingly *different* sort of holiday. These few notes are designed to help you make the most of it.

1. Don't express surprise in public at anything you may see on the island or feel you must write to John Gordon about it. Remember '*Autres pays, autres mœurs*'. After all, people who live in Curzon Street shouldn't throw stones.

2. It is inadvisable for any male visitors to try ogling the waitresses in the hotels or cafés or to try to make an assignation behind the Temple. That kind of behaviour is definitely out on Lesbos.

3. Don't begin a formal letter, 'Dear Sir or Madam'. Plump firmly for one or the other.

4. When using the word 'Amazon', make sure you know what you're talking about.

5. Sappho? Say it 'Saff-oh'.

BEVIS

City Lights

Sputnik on Wall Street

It was an ominous and a portentous moon. Wall Street, even without noonday owls to sit upon the market-place, was filled with foreboding. Prices were forced down by heavy selling to their lowest level in two years, and dropped further when Mr Krushchev pointed out the obvious moral. Missile stocks held up fairly well: the cut in US defence spending may not now take place. Wall Street, at any rate, thinks there is a better chance of this than of defence spending now being done away with altogether, moons or no moons.

* * *

The City, however, is still too busy pleading with friend Peter to take much notice of the moonlight. This week's settlement of accounts was managed comfortably enough – there seems to have been little forced selling. But the optimists have been badly shaken by news from the two main oil companies. Royal Dutch-Shell announced last week that it was actively exploring the possibility of raising fresh capital by rights issues early next year – Royal Dutch would be needing £75m-£95m and Shell £40m-£55m. These are huge sums, even if modest in relation to the present market capitalisation of the group. The shares are widely distributed – 60 per cent of Royal Dutch shares, for example, are held in Holland and the US – and the impact on London will be less than the figures suggest. But it will be serious enough, and the group has deliberately chosen to give the market advance warning. The fact that an issue of this kind is necessary in spite of the rapid rise in group profits suggests that expenditure in Venezuela must have risen steeply since last summer. Without the issue, indeed, shareholders might have little chance of the increased dividend which they are all confidently expecting.

Two days after the Shell announcement, British Petroleum joined the queue with the vaguer and more unsettling statement that it proposed to increase its ordinary capital by 80m £1 shares: this would enable it to raise further capital when the opportunity arose and to make any other adjustment needed in its capital structure – a scrip issue, perhaps, to reduce the price of the shares and make them more popular as an investment. BP is relatively well off for cash, and since it has not joined the Venezuelan scramble – the Venezuelan oil law rules out the granting of concessions to foreign governments and companies dependent on them – it presumably has some major expansion scheme up its sleeve. Less than 20 per cent of BP's shares are held by the public. Over half are held by the government and over a quarter by Burmah Oil. There is always the possibility to be reckoned with that the government might use the issue as an opportunity to reduce its interest below 50 per cent, and that Burmah, rather than make an issue of its own, might simply pass its rights on to shareholders. The government, indeed, may even be anxious to reduce a connection which has often brought it political trouble, as, for instance, with BP's decision to cut down in Israel.

The Shell and BP statements follow closely on the new directive to the Capital Issues Committee to take a more restrictive and critical attitude, 'in particular towards applications for large amounts'. A fair number of other issues are believed to be in the offing, held back until the government's conversion operation is out of the way. The City does not seem to like the prospect at all.

* * *

Mr Thorneycroft's speech at the Bankers' Dinner confirms the common impression that the government has determined to be determined without being sure what (except Mr Cousins) to be determined about. 'This then is the policy of Her Majesty's Government. I know that there are parts of it which need even more definition and more work. I am well aware of the technical difficulties which surround it. But if you listened to all the technical difficulties you would indeed do nothing.' The whole trouble somehow or other is to do with the supply of money and the supply of money, somehow or other, is up to the government: Sir Oscar and Mr Schwarz will no doubt fill in the details.

The Chancellor, however, had a sensible comment to make on the recent bout of currency speculation. 'These things,' he said, 'are the normal lift and fall of the financial sea. These are not matters which should throw a nation's economy into disarray, least of all a nation which has just earned £200m on its external account.' Storm-tossed travellers may have other views.

TAURUS

PERSONAL

"DESPERATE need . . . awful obstacles . . . and lovely gleams of hope." Dr. George MacLeod will speak in the B.B.C. Good Cause of The Week, Sunday, October 13, 8.25 p.m., on the medical work of British missionary societies, and will gratefully acknowledge gifts sent to him at 2 Eaton Gate, London, S.W.1.

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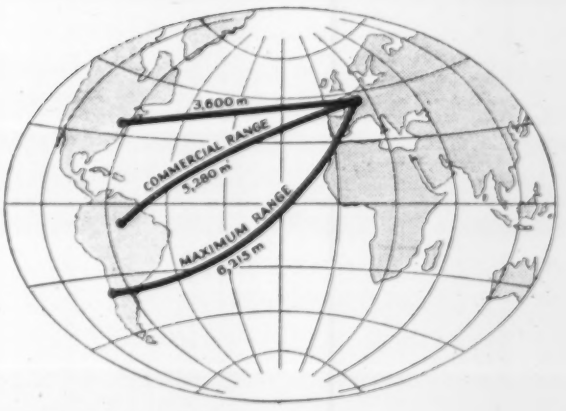

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AF4

The Chess Board

No. 413. The Prettiest Mate

The prettiest ever? I wonder. I think that superlatives ought to be handled with care or, better still, avoided. However, there is no denying that it is a pretty mate, and here (Clemens-Eisenschmidt, Dorpat, 1862), are the moves leading up to so graceful a climax.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-QKt4, BxP; (5) P-B3, B-B4; (6) P-Q4, PxP; (7) PxP, B-Kt3; (8) O-O, P-Q3; (9) Kt-B3, B-Q2; (10) P-K5, PxP; (11) R-K1, KKt-K2; (12) Kt-KKt5, B-K3; (13) BxB, PxB; (14) KtxKP, Q-Q3; (15) KtxKtP ch, K-B1; (16) Q-Kt4, BxP; (17) Kt-K4, Q-Kt5; (18) Kt-K6 ch, K-K1; (19) Kt-B6 ch, K-B2; (20) Kt-Kt5 ch!, K-B1; (21) B-R3!, QxB; (22) Q-K6, Kt-Q1, and the final two moves are obvious.

I plucked this tasty little plum from the abundance to be found in Irving Chernev's *The thousand best short games of chess* (*Hodder & Stoughton*, 25s.), but I can't help grumbling again about the title's claim to a degree of superiority and finality which no collection can possibly aspire. When reviewing the book's original US edition 2½ years ago I prodded Chernev to get cracking on a collection of another and yet another 1,000 'best' brevities; if he is doing it he will soon see that he is far from exhausting the treasures of the past, to say nothing of the new crops of brilliancies constantly being produced. Having done my carping I have nothing but praise for the clever and entertaining manner in which the material is organised and presented. There are brightly illuminating (and appetite-whetting) thumbnail sketches indicating the highlight of each little game, there are Kings wandering, Knights galloping, Pawns promenading, there are mates by suffocation and/or prediction, there are knockouts of grandmasters and triumphs of prodigies; and I might as well combine the two by showing how young Napier (aged 14) trounced Marshall at Brooklyn, 1895.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, Kt-B3; (4) P-Q4, PxP; (5) Kt-Kt5, Kt-K4; (6) B-Kt3, P-KR3; (7) QxP, B-Q3; (8) P-KB4, Kt-B3; (9) Q-B4, B-Kt5 ch; (10) P-B3, P-Q4; (11) PxP, Q-K2 ch; (12) K-Q2, PxKt; (13) R-K1, B-K3; (14) PxQB, O-O-O ch; (15) K-B2, RxP; (16) R-K2, Q-Q3; (17) B-Q2, Kt-QR4; (18) QxB, Q-Q6 ch; (19) K-Q1, Kt-Kt5; (20) P-K7, R-R8 ch; (21) R-K1, Kt-K6 ch; (22) K-B1, RxR ch; (23) BxR, Q-Q8 ch; (24) BxQ, RxB mate.

Chernev certainly took the trouble of digging out some of his gems where otherwise they might have remained buried for ever. Here's a brilliancy brought off by Kraemer against one Nicifor. It happened somewhere in Yugoslavia in 1922.

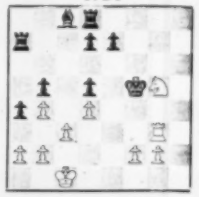
(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, Kt-B3; (4) Kt-B3, B-B4; (5) KtxP, Kt-Q5; (6) B-K2, O-O; (7) P-Q3, P-Q4; (8) B-Kt5, R-K1; (9) Kt-B3, KtxKP!; (10) OKtxKt(best), PxKt; (11) BxQ, PxKt; (12) B-R4(best), PxP!; (13) K-Q2 (practically forced), PxR(Q); (14) QxQ, RxB ch; (15) K-Q1, B-KKt5; (16) QxP, RxQBP; (17) K-K1, R-K1 ch; (18) K-B1, B-R6 ch; (19) K-Kt1, Kt-K7 ch; (20) K-R1, Kt-B8; (21) P-B4, R(1)-K7; (22) Q-Kt8 ch, B-B1; (23) B-Kt3, R(7)-Q7; (24) QxRP, R-Q8 ch; (25) Q-Kt1, B-Kt7 mate.

A: Radisch, 1936

B: Henri Rinck 1911

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White had just cornered the enemy Q, blissfully unaware yet of his own K being doomed. How that? **B** (much too easy for 6 ladder-points) is a draw. So is **C**, but no bargain at 7. Usual prizes. Entries by 21 October.

C: F. M. Simkovitch 1924

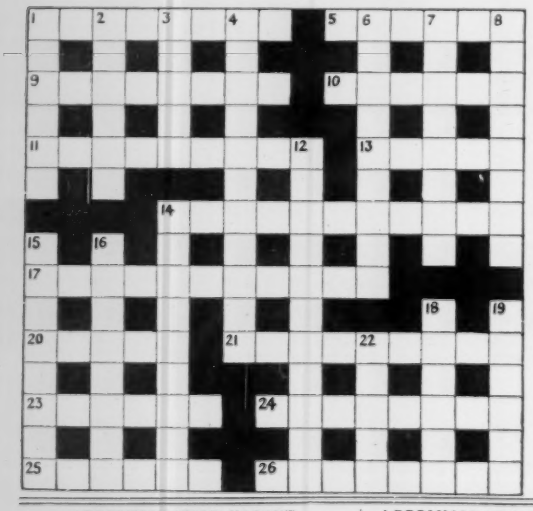


Report on No. 409 held over.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 272

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 272, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 22 Oct.



ACROSS

1. Dogs make a quarrel in the crowd (8).
5. Takes part in winter sports for fish (6).
9. ' Comparisons are odorous,' he said (8).
10. The representative presents me with a decoration in front of the king (6).
11. Wounds slightly and withdraws (9).
13. Just the girl for an excursion (5).
14. Scene of battle which makes the cake stay in the oven too long (11).
17. Poet's admirers perform afterwards in pubs (11).
20. Given a short start the half-back is tested for speed (5).
21. The weekly for study circle in disturbed times (9).
23. Car in which we appear to be like sardines? (6).
24. Material to make an instrument fade (8).
25. Something decorative in a group of operettas seldom performed (6).
26. ' 'Tis better to be vile than vile —— ' (Shakespeare) (8).

DOWN

1. It takes a little while to outwit the fashionable (6).
2. The medicine is tipped up for an epic hero (6).
3. Composer of the scattered tribe (5).
4. Cheap drink, but it helps to fill one out (11).
6. Search climbing around various peaks for mementoes (9).
7. Poet who appears as an animal in climbing outfit (8).
8. In what it does a fish is getting lost (8).
12. Indicators which may be adjusted to provide the boss with a record (11).
14. Gunfire by the water in East Anglia? (9).
15. Make off with sailors on land (8).
16. Exists in an afterthought about city assurances (8).
18. Judgment for a comedian (6).
19. Wait for the finish of a race (6).
22. Hold forth with nothing on speed (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 270

T	I	M	E	S	E	R	V	E	R	■	C	A	L	F
A	■	A	■	E	■	U	■	N	■	O	■	D	■	O
S	U	L	L	A	■	T	R	O	U	S	S	E	A	U
S	■	L	■	L	H	■	R	■	C	■	P	■	N	■
■	S	A	X	O	N	■	I	M	P	A	R	T	E	D
S	■	L	■	R	■	P	■	I	■	R	■	■	L	■
T	H	I	R	D	■	P	A	R	T	Y	■	G	O	B	I
O	■	E	■	S	■	L	■	I	■	C	■	M	■	N
R	O	U	T	■	D	E	V	E	L	O	P	I	N	G
M	■	■	■	T	■	S	■	S	■	D	■	S	■	S
C	O	L	L	E	C	T	S	■	B	R	A	S	H	■
O	■	A	■	X	■	R	■	S	■	I	■	I	■	B
C	A	R	N	A	T	I	O	N	■	V	I	O	L	A
K	■	G	■	S	■	N	■	A	■	E	■	N	■	R
S	N	O	B	■	P	A	U	P	E	R	I	S	E	D

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 270

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KEW Gardens. Large furn. room. 2 gns. weekly. Mus. interests pref. Box 5587.

W.11. Immaculate quiet hse., single divan-rm., all facs. avail. Enclosed basin, etc. Cent. pos. close buses/tubes. BAY. 5384.

MOD. b/s. Hamp. Gdn. Sub. Suit lady. El. fire, hot plates inc. 45s. SPE. 9192.

ATTRAC. Furn. room. N. Lond. Use tel., linen, bath., etc. Ckng. facs. STA. 5085.

HARMONIOUS dble. bed-sit., leading own attrac. kit. Ascot. Next bathrm. Gdns. view. Sunny, quiet. Coin tel. Middle-aged cpl. £5 wk. Monk. HAM. 4007, 10-11 only.

ATTRAC. lge. B/S. room luxuriously appntd. flat Harley St. 5 gns. Box 5740.

HIGHGATE. Part furn. flat, 3 rooms, kit., bath, balcony, tel., frig. Child welcome. £20 per month. Box 5611.

HIGHGATE, nr. Flatlet, fine lge. B./S., kit., bathrm., beaut. dec., equip., furn. Use 'frig. 78s. 6d. MOU. 5196 after 6.

COMF. Chelsea bedsit. offered to two young women at reduced rent in return for occ. baby-sit. & light assist. Char. kept. Box 5720.

FURN. flatlet 1 rm. (water, meters). 35s. N. Lond., 4 mins. tube, 20 mins. W. End. 'Phone Bushey 1911.

SUNNY B/sit., use bath/kit. (C.H.W.), modern flat, suit teacher/business woman. Tel., etc. London, N.8. ½ hr. West End/City. 37s. 6d. p.w. Box 5700.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

LADY'S unique flat. F. room. Suit sec./bus. lady. £3 17s. 6d. Box 5554.

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EX-L.S.E. girl seeks similar share small Highgate flat. Box 5750.

CONTEMP. newly dec. & furn. sngl. B/S., use kit., bath. £2 15s. incl. el., gas, linen, etc. CHI. 1286 (eve.) or Box 5621.

HIGHGATE Woods. Sunny, 2-rmd. flat, fine view, own lavatory. Lady. TUD. 8160.

SGLE. rm., share whole flat with 3 girls, N.W.6. 10 mins. W. End. Box 5753.

GIRL student seeks one or two others to share furnished flat. Earls Court. Telephone FRE. 6218 after 5 p.m. from Oct. 14.

BLACKHEATH. Young man offers share large flat. Intelligent, solvent young man only. Box 5703.

NEWLY-built house, charm. furn. flatlet. Built-in wardrobe, c.h.w. bas., ck. fac., serv. linen. Bus/prof. lady. £3 10s. BAY 4617.

ST. ALBANS. Bachelor party has spacious flat in pleasant district to share 50-50 with another such. Box 5694.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

DESPERATE. West Indian couple expecting first child need 2 unfurn. rooms with bathroom & kit., within one hr. West End. 'Phone: Fenton, Gerrard 0022, Ext. 2.

MODERATELY young & respectable m. bureaucrat sks. unf./part-f. flatlet, C. Lon.; s.c./sim. Refs. gladly given. Box 5635.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED—continued

2 SISTERS req. S/C furn. flat Earls Court area. FRE. 9224 after 5 p.m.

QUIET couple marrying soon req. unf. flat London from Jan. onwards. Box 5674.

FOR student daughter and friend, 2-rm. flat, kit./ckg. fac., rent £5 incl. elec. W.C.1. E.C.1. Cambridge 2653. Box 5553.

VISITING Univ. lecturer reqs. furn. 2- or 3-bedrm. house or flat, London area, 3 mths. from mid-Oct. Box 5539.

FRENCH student in 20's wants to share flat; Central or West preferred. Box 5733.

TURKISH student sks. acc., meals, Eng. fam. London. 35 Minster Rd., N.W.2.

YOUNG Doctor seeks small s/c flat. London area. Box 5629.

LECTURER, Chinese wife, need small flat Hamps., Highgate, 2-3 rms. Box 5610.

GROUND-floor flat or part of house wanted by elderly couple; 3-4 sizeable rooms, plus usual offices. Willing to contribute to conversion costs if nec. Hampstead, Highgate, Mill Hill or Finchley area. Box 5631.

GHANAIAN woman, government scholar, wants self-contained flat for one or three; reas. rent; long tenancy. Box 5633.

PROF. woman reqs. accom., pref. unfur. Reas. access Woolwich. Box 5634.

LIBRARIAN sks. immed. part-furn./unfurn. accom., 1-2 rms., use kit.; bath. phone. Sth., West, Central London. Box 5190.

B.B.C. trainee (from Ghana) sks. furn. flat/flatlet for cple. Hamp. district/nearby. G.A., c/o B.B.C., 27 Marylebone Rd. N.W.1.

PROPERTIES TO LET

PRIMITIVE woodland cottage in Cotswolds available furnished until April. No mod. cons. but paradise artist, writer wanting solitude. £1 weekly. Box 5688.

FURNISHED country cottage nr. Midhurst, Sussex. Available 6 months. Not detached. 2 bedrooms. Elec., bathroom adj. Suit writer, artist, bach. £4 p.w. Box 5681.

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CASH purchaser wants freehold house, Bloomsbury area. Box 5586.

FREEHOLD property, remote, sought by small community wanting seclusion. About 12 bedrooms. Must be really cheap. Box 5575.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BBC requires Programme Assistant for Sinhalese. Candidates should speak and write Sinhalese as mother tongue and be able to translate from English, prepare original material, produce a magazine programme and read fluently in Sinhalese at the microphone. Selected candidates will be required to take voice and translation tests. Appointment for three years in first instance. Salary £925 p.a. with prospects of promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref. G.391 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

NATIONAL Maritime Museum. Museum Assistant. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a post in the Manuscript Department which, for a candidate with the relevant experience, may be initially an established one (i.e. pensionable) or, if not, with prospects of establishment. Age at least 18 on October 1, 1957. Candidates must have G.C.E. with a pass in English ('O' level) and in not fewer than three other subjects, preferably including History, or an equivalent educational qualification. Those without this qualification, but otherwise qualified by experience of special value to the Museum, may be admitted. Starting salary £355 (at age 18) up to £485 (women £454) at age 25 or over. Men's scale maximum £665. Women's scale being improved to reach equality with the men's scale by 1961. Promotion prospects. Five-day week generally. Further particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4770/57. Application forms should be returned by October 28, 1957.

APPLICATIONS are invited for appointment of Senior Clinical Psychologist at the Fountain Hospital (800 beds). The work includes teaching and research, the examination of mentally defective children and adults, and investigation of blind, deaf or cerebral palsied children. Salary £1,000 to £1,375, plus London Weighting, and Whitley Council conditions. Applications with details of qualifications and experience and the names of two referees should be sent to the Group Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, S.W.17.

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DEPARTMENT of Psychological Medicine, Guy's Hospital. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Unit of the Department of Psychological Medicine. Candidates must have had good experience in children's work and administration. They should hold the Mental Health Certificate of the London School of Economics and Political Science or its approved equivalent. Whitley Council salary and conditions of service. Applications, stating age and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be sent to the Superintendent, Guy's Hospital, London Bridge, S.E.1., within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

MARKS & Spencer Limited invite applications from women between the age of 25 and 35 for Staff Management in their larger stores. These are senior posts with progressive salaries. Candidates should preferably have had experience in managing staff. Commencing salary for the introductory period would vary according to age and experience but would not be less than £500 p.a. Please write in the first place for further particulars and application form to the Appointments Section, 82 Baker Street, London, W.1, marking the envelope "S.M."

ENGL./foreign housekeeper, perm./tem., for son and invalid mother. Own b/s. Pleas. c., edge Epping Forest. Box 5697.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CHILD Welfare Officers. London County Council require suitably qualified men for engagement as Child Welfare Officers. The duties include receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out, adoption, supervision, after-care, and other field work associated with deprived children. Candidates should have had previous experience in child care, or allied social work, and preferably should be academically qualified (e.g. degree or diploma in Social Science). Salary £630 to £815. Further details may be obtained from the Children's Officer (CH/E1/1772) County Hall, London, S.E.1. (Previous applications may be renewed by post-card). Closing date October 31, 1957.

INTERESTING, presently part-time, job available as lady secretary to choreographer, playwright-producer. Reasonable shorthand and typing essential—some bookkeeping and ability to drive car desirable—working hours erratic. Apply by letter only in first instance giving age, background, and usual practical details to Oknarc, Ltd., 19 Alderney St., S.W.1. Please don't call or phone.

KENSINGTON Housing Trust Limited invite applications for the post of Assistant Secretary which will be vacant at the end of November 1957. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. There is a non-contributory pension scheme. The person appointed would be required to undertake correspondence, committee work, accounts & payment of interest on Loan Stock. Applics. giving age and full details to The Secretary, 33 St. Helen's Gardens, London, W.10.

PART-time physics and chemistry tutors (women) required at once (W.1). Write Box 5561.

TAVISTOCK Clinic, 2/6 Beaumont Street, W.1. Shorthand/typist reqd. immediately. Knowledge of Psychiatric Medical Terms an advantage. Starting salary at 23 years and over within the range £414 to £468 p.a. according to age and ability, rising to £545 p.a. For interview tel. CUN. 6071 Ext. 10.

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LADY requires experienced Secretary for literary work in which the applicant must be fully interested. First-class knowledge of English essential. Age over 30. Write giving full particulars of experience, etc., prior to interview. Box 5530.

A REALLY interesting job at the centre of political affairs, £7 p.w., four weeks holiday in return for enthusiasm, shorthand and typing. Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. (WHI. 3077).

WIGMORE Agency. Personal assistants, Secretaries, Medical and Dental Secretaries, shorthand-typing and office staff. 67 Wigmore Street, W.1. HUN. 9951.

EMBASSY requires woman secretary 25/35 for interesting post. Apply to Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W.1. HUN. 0676.

TYPEWRITING: Lady partner wanted, efficient and unencumbered, help run London copying-office. Box 5734.

ARTIST-designer, Regents Pk. area, wants part-time sec. assistant. Box 5675.

EDUCATED young women (22 up) for interesting secretarial posts in Victoria and City areas. Commencing salaries £9 10s. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. & 2 Broad St. Place, E.C.2.

HOLIDAY Relief Work available now in London for Shorthand Typists £8 10s. Copy Typists £7 10s. 30 hour week, no Sats. Longer hours—more pay. Duttons Secretarial Serv., 92 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

WORKING H/keeper. Semi-retired woman doctor. N.W. London. Later, house on heath with oil heating, American kitchen. Family 3 adults. Only expd. need apply. Box WH. 595, 10, Hertford St., W.1.

COOK-Housekeeper wanted for modern luxury flat opposite Regents Park. Own quarters, other help kept. Happy and comfortable home for right person. Tapper, 76 Viceroy Court, Prince Albert Road, N.W.8.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTERESTING and progressive post required by young man, architect, seeking change. Would like opportunity to work for Designer/Decorator possibly as personal assistant, London or abroad. Box 5708.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

DIVORCED woman, "too old at 40," wants socially useful medical/legal/sec. work. Speeds 120/50. Ex-Ruskin. Box 5685.

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WOULD-BE writer (m) seeks work on large estate S.-S.W. England in return for room, food and pocket money. Box 5666.

YOUNG woman, intelligent, experienced, patient, sks. work children, progressive family N.W. area preferred, live out, suggestions similar work welcome. Dickinson, 5 Mall Studios, Tasker Rd., N.W.3.

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SOUTH America, Spain. Educated girl (21), fluent Spanish, reqs. work in Spanish-speaking country, pref. Cuba. Anything consid. Highest refs., quals., etc. Box 5544.

BRAINY graduate scientist seeks post involving human values. Box 5620.

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CAMBRIDGE B.A. (m.), 23, seeks six months' work; pref. intellectual, but anything considered. Box 5578.

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STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 6644.

FELLOWSHIPS

FELLOWSHIPS for Advanced Casework Training (mid-September 1958 to end of July 1959). Applications are invited from qualified and experienced case-workers, aged preferably 28-45, for Fellowships for full-time training in the Tavistock Clinic (Department for Children and Parents). Fellowships are usually of the value of £500, but may be increased for students with exceptional family responsibilities. Further information and application forms from the Senior Tutor, Advanced Case Work Course, Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont St., London, W.1. Closing date for applics. February 28, 1958.

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from graduates of any University for a Douglas Knoop Research Fellowship tenable from a date to be arranged. The Fellow will be required to undertake research in Economics in the University of Sheffield. The value of the Fellowship will be £675 a year, and it will normally be tenable for three years. Applications (3 copies) indicating the line of research proposed by the applicant and including the names and addresses of three referees should reach the Registrar (from whom further particulars may be obtained) by October 26, 1957.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"WELFARE Freedom and Inflation" by Wilhelm Röpke. "This is indeed a tract for our times"—Graham Hutton. Cloth 7s 6d Paper 3s 6d. Pall Mall Press, Ltd., 123 Pall Mall, S.W.1.

READ "The Red Sixties." Victory For Socialism's challenging pamphlet about Socialism, by Hugh Jenkins, Ron Lewis, Gerald Southgate, Walter Wolfgang. Supported by 12 Labour M.P.s. It's important, challenging, stimulating. Obtainable from Maida Hodgson, 33, Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Single copy 1s. 12 copies 10s. 50 copies 35s., all post free.

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